



1950

The **War Cry**

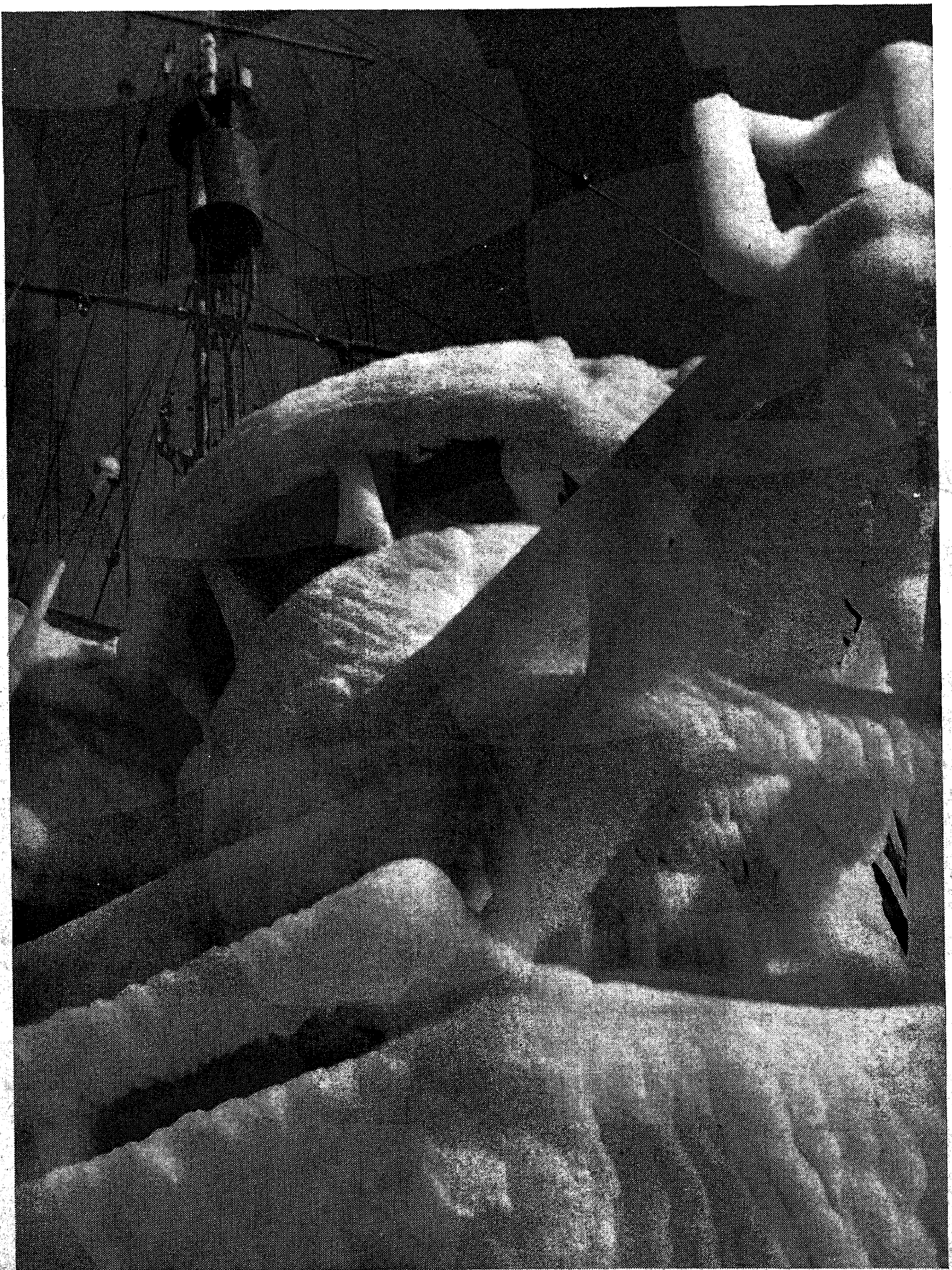
Christmas Number



*"Unto you is born
this day . . . a Saviour"*

Luke 2, 11

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1950



HOME JUST IN TIME!

A Canadian Great Lakes freighter, belated, but homeward-bound, strikes the safety of port after a bout with a blizzard. Shipping closes earlier some seasons.



Good Morning, Everyone!



Born of the Virgin

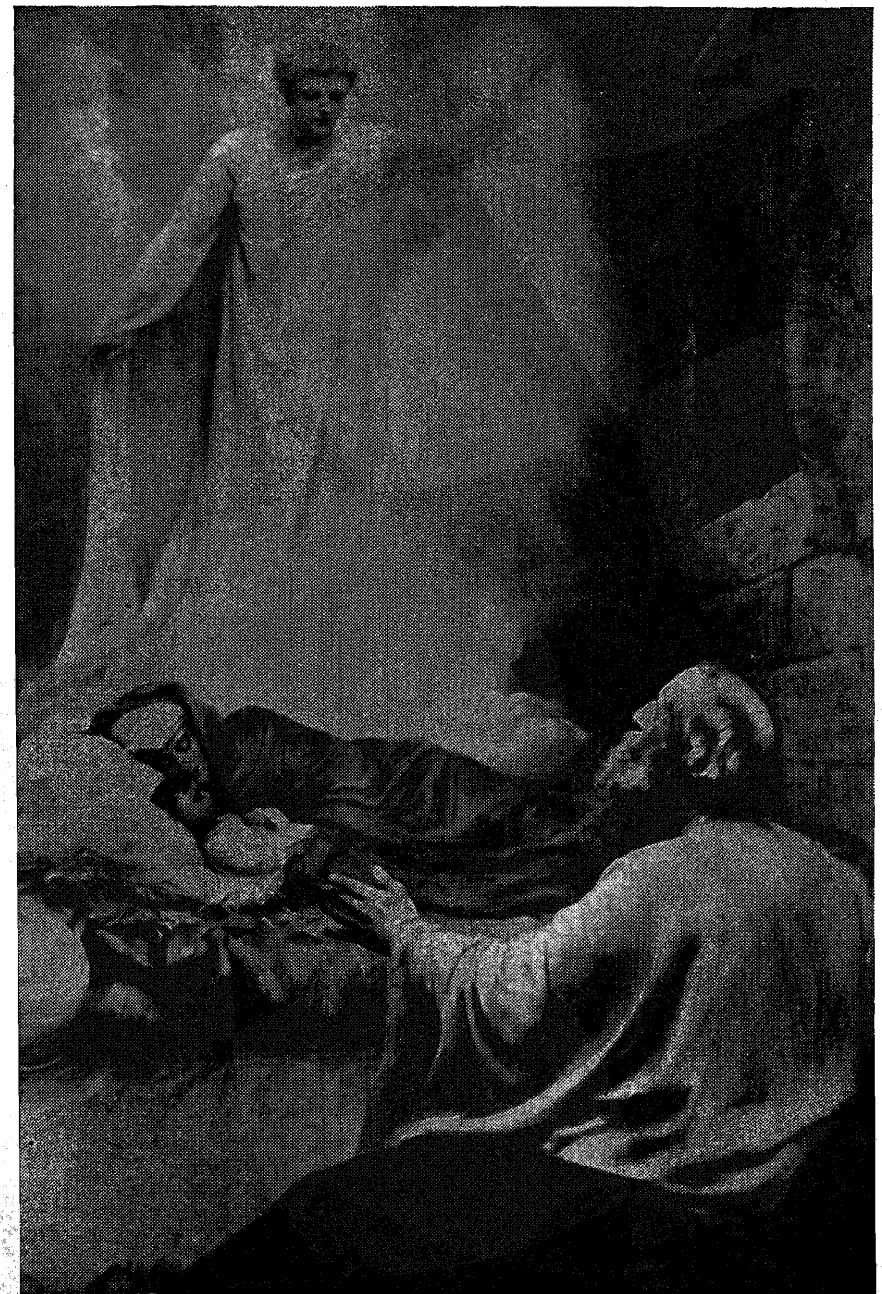
A Christmas Message

By
*General
Albert
Orsborn*

INTERNATIONAL LEADER
THE SALVATION ARMY

THE passengers were reciting the Apostles' Creed in the course of Morning Service aboard a great ship. "Born of the Virgin Mary" they said, and I could not but wonder how many repeated the words merely as a matter of form, or whether they really thought of the depth of this statement and truly believed it. As we restated the Christian beliefs, and sang "Late in time behold Him come, offspring of a Virgin's womb", Molotoff and Vishinsky were walking the upper deck, closely guarded by an impressive armed escort. The striking contrast was inescapable. The Service represented the faith of Christians, the joy of the Christmas season, the wonder of Mary and the infant Jesus. The slowly pacing group on the upper deck represented a confessedly godless ideology, denying all the hope and faith of the Bethlehem story.

The sinister and cynical assaults of unbelief upon the centre and citadel of our faith require us to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. It is possible to have a formal acceptance of conventional doctrine without possessing a living faith. One might never for a mo-



Painting by J. Briggs

EMMANUEL . . . GOD WITH US

ment think of challenging a statement in the Creed, and yet never feel it as a glowing truth in one's own heart. To resist the assaults of the godless, we must sincerely believe our beliefs, and in no wise hold them lightly.

There is a clear connection between the Cradle and the Cross. Surely the Virgin Birth and the atoning Saviour are indissolubly connected? How are we to hold inviolate the great fact and faith of the Atonement, together with the connected doctrines of the forgiveness of sins and justification by faith? We must not only refuse to discount the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth, but we must needs hold these truths as a vital, glowing and positively indispensable

factor in that Incarnation which also spells Redemption. The arch of the Redemption doctrine is held together by the keystone of the Virgin Birth.

There are many enemies of this great truth; the literature of rationalism and unbelief is replete with vicious attacks upon it; the critics going to similar stories in mythology and in heathen faiths, presuming to destroy Christian faith by sinister and irrelevant comparisons of this kind. Yet, the attack upon faith from those who deny all physical and spiritual miracles and seek to rationalize everything, is not nearly so destructive as the silent surrender of this cardinal doctrine by rationalistic Christians. These

(Continued on page 8)



AN

UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS



A STORY



By Angel Lane

ALL day the snow had fallen, swirling and eddying into every nook and cranny, covering with its dazzling purity, beauty and ugliness alike. In the country, beauty reigned; the sparkling filigree of frost working magic incredible! Barnyard strawstacks resembled cakes made for a giant's birthday! Dogs frolicked in its depths, barking boisterously; warmly-clad children built snow-men and forts, and snow-balled each other with gusto.

In towns and cities the snow's loveliness was quickly marred. Trains and smoke-stacks work havoc with beauty. In the bustling manufacturing town of S— was a street of buildings scarce worthy to be called houses, sandwiched as they were between foundries and railway tracks, whence smoke billowed ceaselessly. Not for the dwellers in such places the joy of looking through gleaming, softly-radiant beauty, Heaven-sent. As one tired, disheartened woman once said: "God Himself couldn't keep this place clean, let alone make it look nice!"

Precious Fluids

In the dingiest of them all, a sad-faced young woman took from a sagging old crib a baby that was wailing fretfully. "Poor little man! He was hungry, wasn't he?" Tenderly she cradled the mite whilst preparing a bottle of much-diluted milk; for the precious fluid was hard to come by, prices being so high; and the older children had to have a few drops in their cocoa, which was at least warming.

Glancing at the clock, its glass smashed when it had fallen from the fumbling fingers of a drunken man, she noted with dismay the lateness of the hour. The children would soon come home from school, their shoes and stockings soggy-wet. Not for them the delights of romping in the snow; the danger of colds was too great. Stephanie had been so ill after her last cold.

Her mother-heart felt a pang whenever she thought of her only daughter. "So pretty, so sweet!" said everyone, of Stephanie. She should have pretty clothes, and

happy times, like other girls; instead, her young life was spoiled by the father whose good looks she had inherited. Evelyn Sonderby laid the now sleeping baby down, put some wood on the fire, stirred the stew, (like the milk it was much-watered) and set the oilcloth covered table with what remained of pretty dishes which had been a gift from her husband, before he had got in with the wrong crowd at his factory job, and started squandering on booze his generous pay-checks. An expert worker, he could yet excel in his line, when sober! She thought of the times when he was *not* sober; and recalled the old days, when life had been so different. Putting her head down on her arms, on the table-corner, she gave herself up to her grief.

Pressed to Her Heart

The sound of childish voices startled her, and hastily she dried her tears. Seven-year-old Teddy was saying: "Let me tell Mummie!" "Tell me *what* darling?" She braced herself for the boyish rush and bear-hug that were Teddy's greeting; returned the loving kiss bestowed by twelve-year-old Stephanie, and pressed to her heart, an instant, Robert, who, at nine, could say more with his arms, than with his tongue.

Said Teddy: "A Salvation Army man came to our school this afternoon, mummie. He said he was helping Santa Claus. Santa is so

busy he might miss somebody, and he wouldn't like that a-tall! Santa's coming to the Army Hall five weeks from tonight, and the Army man said we needn't mind being poor, 'cause pretty nearly everybody is poor, around here. He said we *ought* to have new rubbers, though, and perhaps new shoes. He said he'd come and see you, in the morning, mummie!"

Things certainly happened after that visit, quite apart from the arrival of shoes and rubbers and warm clothing for the children. The Major's wife called and "took to" Baby Roy, and he got a much nicer crib, and some pretty baby-things, as well as a formula which put an end to fretfulness. The children were vastly interested in the young people's meetings, and persuaded their mother to go to Bible class.

Next, the Home League claimed her; and life brightened considerably. Something else cheered her heart. A note from her father,—who often stayed away from home—came to Stephanie in which he said: "Tell mother I will not be home until Christmas Eve, when I hope to have a surprise for you all. Love,—Daddy." Everyone but baby—who was too busy with a bottle of formula—cried over that; yet somehow the tears were happy ones! The Major and his wife collected a few items which freshened things, and on December 23rd the house was scarcely recognizable.

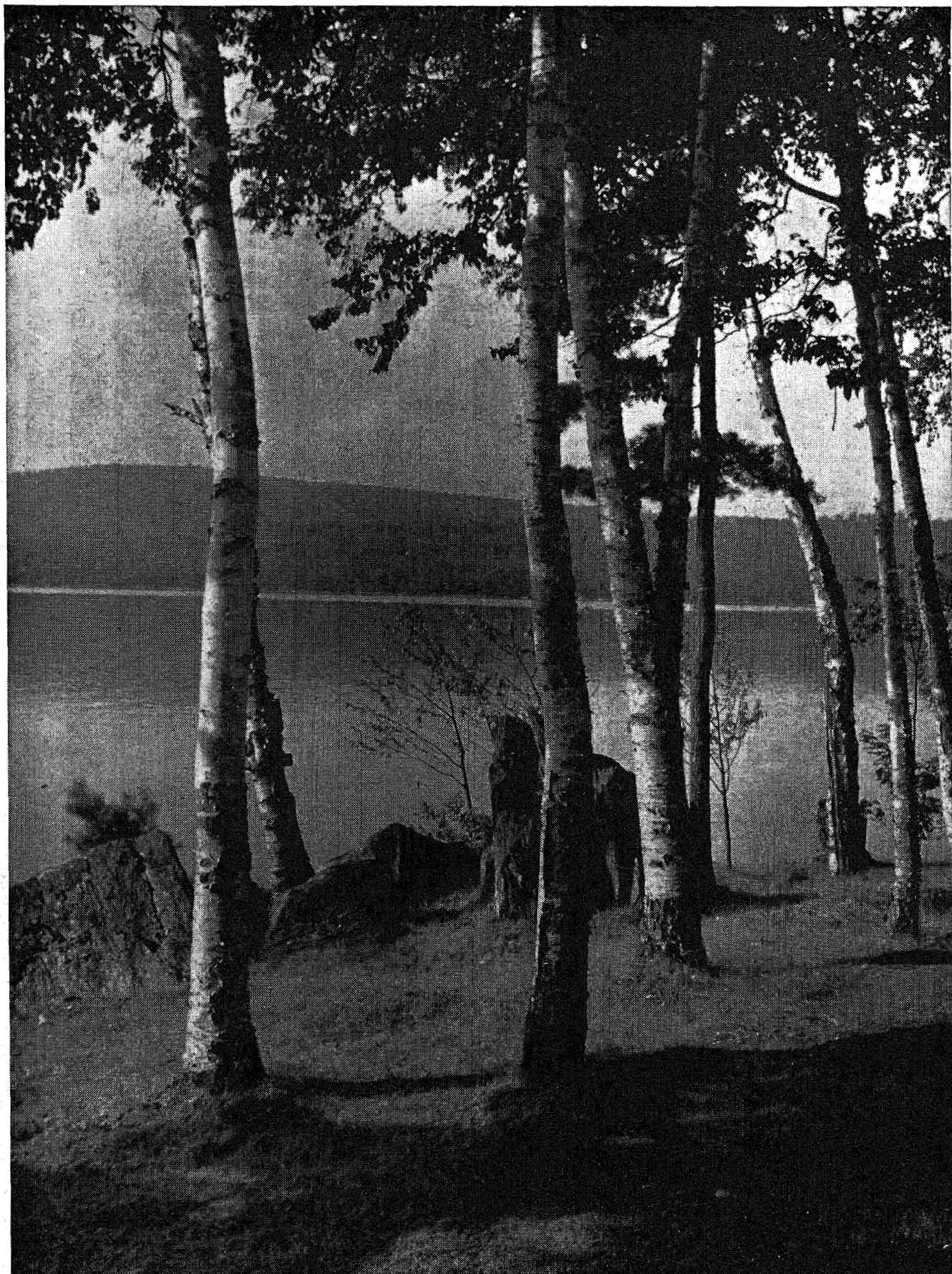
Knelt Beside the Table

The children, and baby, had gone right to bed, after all the excitement of the Christmas party at the Hall. Quietly, with a full heart, Evelyn Sonderby knelt beside the table, covered now with a pretty cloth donated by the Home League, and into her silent communion God read all her thankfulness and praise! A sound startled her,—Stephen's key in the lock! An instant later and she was clasped in strong arms, and looked up into eyes that were clear and steady.

With throbbing heart she heard the story of her husband's redemption. He told how the Major had waylaid him one night, taken him

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SILVER BIRCHES: A Canadian Lakeside Scene

Born Of The Virgin

(Continued from page 5)

latter quickly give up or never profess any real faith in the Virgin Birth. Then they proceed to recast Calvary and Redemption "by the precious blood of Christ as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" in terms of pure idealism and suffering love, a noble gesture, a supreme example of non-violence, a proof of devotion unto death.

The Second Adam

True, the Christ of Calvary means all these things, and many more, but unless He was absolutely guiltless in Adam's transgression, how could Christ "make His soul an offering for sin"? It is "in Adam all die", and therefore the world's Redeemer had to be "the second Adam", the Sinless One, the new creation, "The Lamb without blemish and without spot". Not a lamb taken from our flock, but "The Lamb of God" miraculously provided by God "to take away the sins of the world". If Christ was only an ordinary man, born of normal human processes, He could not possibly have been the Worthy One of Revelation 5, verses 9 and 10. Without the birth of Christ according to the Scripture, not only St. John but we also would have been weeping yet, "because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon".

Putting it another way, the Creation; the Fall of Man; the fact of Sin; the prophecies of a Saviour—"A Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel" (Isaiah 7, verse 14); the Annunciation; the Virgin Birth; the Crucifixion as the crux of the Atonement; the amazing fact of God being—in consequence of Calvary—"faithful and just to forgive our sins"; and all the outflowing faith and doctrine following Redemption, hold together and cannot be broken.

Notice, please, that when Satan persuades a Christian to doubt the Virgin Birth you are soon confronted with a Christian who doubts the Creation, the Fall, the fact of Sin—and all the other great cardinal truths. As a result you have a messenger without a message, a mere philosophy, ineffective idealism, instead of "A Saviour, and a Great One!"

We believe the Virgin Birth because it is Scriptural. The words of the Prophets and the writings in the New Testament are alike clear and explicit on this important truth. Jesus Himself never acknowledged Joseph as father. Moreover, this God-ordained intervention to save mankind from sin becomes all the more glowing and glorious in its truth as one notes how Satan attacked it. Jewish writers did not scruple to pour scorn on Mary's virginity and openly accused her of playing the harlot. In reply to our Lord's repeated claims in the use of the words "My Father", did not His enemies scornfully and suggestively retort "Who is Thy father?" The point of such an enquiry cannot be missed.

The Virgin Birth is no more incredible than the Bible account of Creation. No more incredible than the birth of Isaac. It is the first act in a connected sequence of events which are a direct descent of God into the life of men. It is the point in history where the transmission of Sin is broken. From there the wonderful triumph of God's love unfolds, even compelling the wrath of men to praise Him and the power

of evil to break and defeat itself in its attack upon The Son of God and Son of Man—"God, made manifest in the flesh".

I sing again, with deep assurance and complete conviction,

*"Christ, by highest heav'n
adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him
come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead
see;
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to
dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark the herald angels sing
'Glory to the newborn
King!'"*

Yes, Charles Wesley, your doctrine is as beautiful as your immortal hymn, and when certain moderns omit or weaken this great Christmas confession of faith they are wrong about the Cradle and therefore cannot be right about the Cross.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Many of our readers will perhaps observe that this special issue of The War Cry is not printed in the customary three colors of former years, this being due to arrangements on foot for the moving of the presses to another location. The letterpress and general make-up, we believe however, is well up to the usual standard, and it is hoped that the issue will find ready acceptance at the hands of its readers who are to be found in almost all parts of the world.

SNOWSHOE CAMPAIGNERS

A unique snapshot of "Canyon City" Band taken with the Corps Officers. This group of Native Indian Salvationists are shown ready for their forty-mile tramp down the frozen Nass River to Greenville where they hold meetings. Living in a wild, roadless, mountainous district of Northern British Columbia, the populace is entirely isolated during the long cold winter months. The instruments played by the group are piled on the hand-sleigh (at left).



Keep Christmas All The Year Round

*DO all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as you can.*

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert Orsborn, General; Chas. Baugh, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

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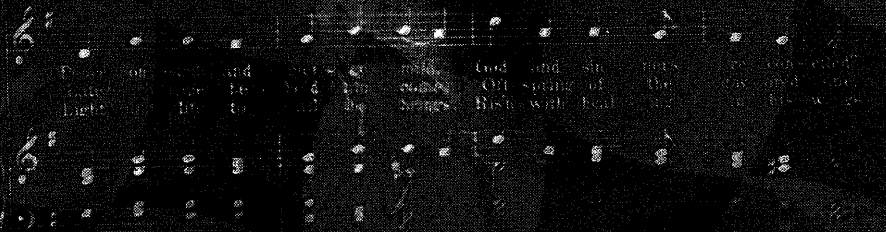
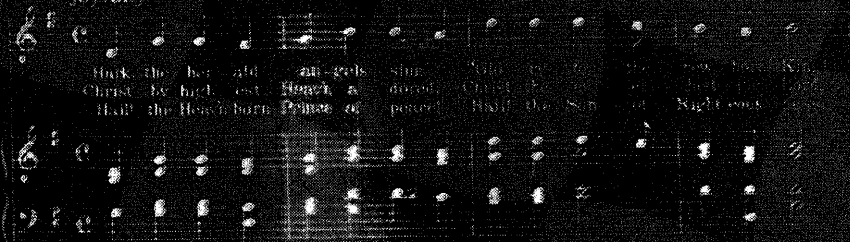
All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor. Enquiries regarding shipments and subscription rates should be addressed to the Printing Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada for \$3.00 prepaid, and in the United States for \$3.50 prepaid.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Joyfully

F. Mendelssohn



THE ANGELS' SONG



Christmas at "Frozen

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS*

THE news quickly spread that The Salvation Army was going to have a Christmas tree at the little school house near the middle fork of Frozen Creek. This was glad news to the few families who lived along the banks of the little stream that came winding down from the mountain top and flowed into the Pigeon River. They were not expecting Santa Claus this year. To them there had been some dark days; their crops had not been so good; there had been plenty of sickness; all of which had left the dismal little hollow even more gloomy. There had been

better years, when the saw mill across the ridge had given employment to the heads of the families who made their homes along the creek.

Old Jake Moore, who lived at the very head of the creek, was perhaps the most unhappy of all in the little "settlement." His wife, Susan, and their only son, Joe, a lad of six, had died when the "flu" epidemic had struck the hollow. Old Jake's closest neighbor was Max Hicks, a bitter enemy, with whom he had had many "differences." It was Christmas Eve and Old Jake sat before the huge fire place in one end of his mountain cabin. With the light of blazing locust logs as

his only companion, he was not without the fear of his own safety. Too often he had heard that Max Hicks had threatened his life.

Old Jake was a great dreamer. Since walking the lonely path that led from the little graveyard on the ridge back of his cabin, his thoughts were all of Susan and little Joe. The Army Captain had conducted the funerals and as she stood by the open grave that day she said they had both gone on to a better world. He could not forget the parting that sad day, and now his evenings were spent by his fireplace alone; his thoughts his own.

As Jake sat there dreaming his eyes rested upon his much loved rifle standing in the corner of the room. "That gun, or Max Hicks, will some day tell the tale," he said to himself. He meant that some day, like a few others on the creek, either he or Max would go—and using a primitive mountain expression, "With their boots on." He did not care much if it be himself. Life had come to mean very little since the day the death angel had paid him a visit.

Dreaming by the Fireside

While the old man was dreaming by his fireside, his neighbor Max was sitting by his own fire in the little cabin just across the field near the woodland. His little girl Alice had just come from the Christmas tree party. She was all he had, for the death angel had visited his home too, and taken away Sarah. Alice was relating all that had taken place at the schoolhouse. She was so happy over the beautiful walking-talking doll she got off the tree and the nice book too. She put her doll away in her little trunk and placed the book on the shelf in the corner of the room and then went to bed. Max sat in silence for sometime. He looked at the old

shotgun hung on wooden pegs over the "fire board," then his eyes rested on the book on the shelf.

He rose from his old rocker and took the book, drew the rocker close up to the table in the middle of the room, turned the wick a bit higher in the oil lamp and sat down to look at the book. He was attracted by the name on the front page, "The Christmas Carol." He began to read, page after page, chapter after chapter. He read on; it was the first book Max Hicks had read since he attended school at the little schoolhouse on the creek. It filled him with new vision, his thinking was better. He read on until the clock struck twelve—

*Told by Major Cecil Brown in the Mountain Circle News

this was good reading. He got up from his chair and gave the fire a poke and placed on a couple more logs.

Then Max went over in the corner and opened the bureau drawer and took out a small package which was wrapped securely. Taking the cloth from around it, he looked at the little black Book. It had been worn much. He remembered the day he had carefully wrapped and tucked it away along with some other keepsakes. That Bible had belonged to his wife, Sarah, who had been called home a few years before. Max decided to read again the chapter she had read to him so many times in that very room.

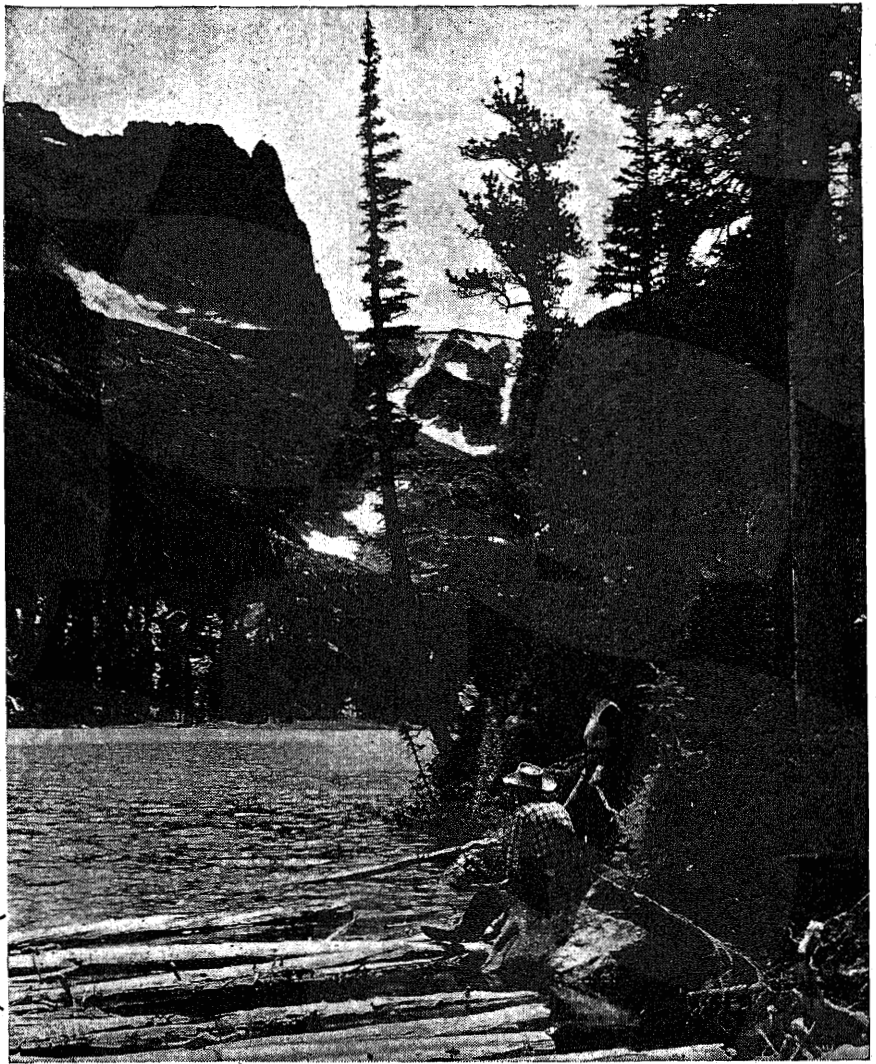
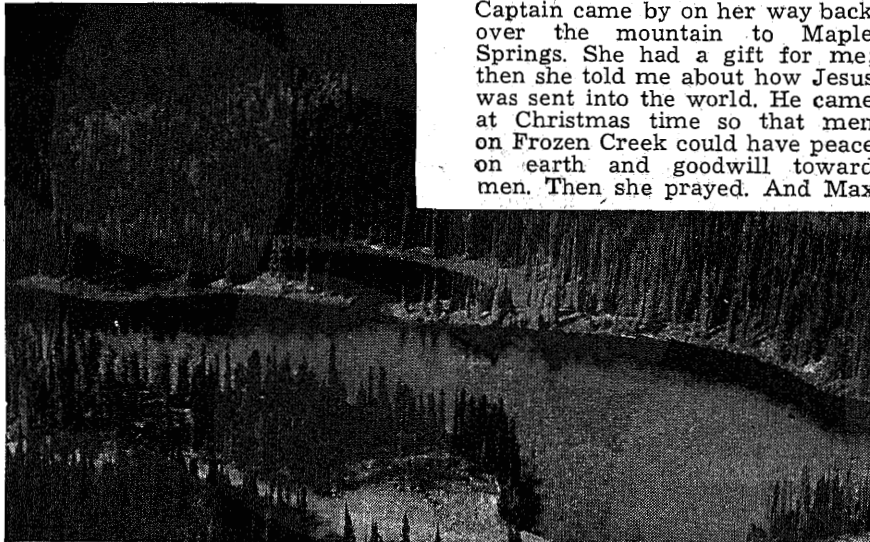
It was the story of the Christ Child. He read every word, then carefully wrapped the little book and placed it back in its resting place. He turned to see if Alice was asleep in the little bed over in the corner of the cabin; then he knelt beside the old arm chair with only the sound of the winter breezes blowing through the tree tops and the cracking of the burning logs behind him. He raised his face toward heaven. That night he found the more abundant life in Christ.

On Christmas morning after Max made a new fire in the deep chimney, he took a bucket from the water shelf beside the door and started toward the spring. As he walked along the path to the spring

Toilers in the Mountain and Lake Regions

he looked over toward his neighbor's cabin, and suddenly stopped still. Raising his hands over his eyes to cut off the sun rays sparkling in his eyes, he saw that there

Creek"



was no smoke coming from old Jake's chimney. Then it was that he saw a piece of paper on the door. He quickened his footsteps and hastened to the cabin. Here is what he read written on the scrap of paper:

Dear Max:

As you will see I am gone. Last night after the Christmas tree program at the schoolhouse the Army Captain came by on her way back over the mountain to Maple Springs. She had a gift for me; then she told me about how Jesus was sent into the world. He came at Christmas time so that men on Frozen Creek could have peace on earth and goodwill toward men. Then she prayed. And Max

I prayed too. It was the first prayer I had uttered in many years, but Peace came into my heart. After the Captain had gone on home I started thinking things over for myself. My family is gone. There is nothing on the Creek for me now. I will go over to Piney Creek and maybe I can find work there at the saw mill. Max you and I could never get along together, so to make things better for us both, I'm leaving at daybreak—and Max, as I leave I say goodbye and also wish to say, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." Yours, Old Jake.

As a result of "The Christmas Carol" and the little program given in the schoolhouse on Frozen Creek, two mountaineers were better men. That early morning as Old Jake made his way over the mountain trail on his old faithful horse, Sorrel, with his few precious belongings in a saddle bag behind him, he was whistling a new tune of Peace and Joy. And as Max Hicks slowly walked back to his mountain cabin, the pines on the hillside seemed a bit greener, and the music from the Creek as it poured down over the rocks making its way out of the mountains seemed sweeter.

CEASELESS FOR GOD

Some Memories* of
The Army Founder
Recalled by

Commissioner J. Evan Smith



WHEN JOHN WESLEY'S torch was lit, the flame spread from north to south and east to west of the land. A new moral earnestness began to permeate British character. A new sense of humanity stirred the blood. A new visit of righteousness and fellowship challenged the souls of men. The spirit of reform was in the air. No longer was it smart in England to boast of being a "four" or "five-bottle" man, nor were spiritual values any longer in the discard.

But, following the death of the founder of Methodism, there was again some falling away in the religious fervor and enthusiasm which he engendered in the hearts of thousands. God, however, raised up yet another prophet—William Booth—who was destined to rekindle the fires of enthusiastic evangelism originally lit by John Wesley.

As that great revivalist fought his battles and withstood the onslaughts of the secular and religious world of his day, ultimately emerging triumphant in the esteem of peoples the world over, so William Booth and his followers suffered likewise—until long before I (the author, Commissioner J. Evan Smith) became his private secretary and had intimate fellowship with him—the day came when he was honored by kings and queens, presidents and statesmen of every land. Like Wesley, he never desired to create a new sect or church, as so many people mistakenly think. His purpose was simply to preach Christ and to inspire spiritual and Christian influences in every department of life.

"The three most famous Generals I have known in my life," said Winston Churchill on one occasion, "won no great battles over the foreign foe, yet their names, which all begin with B, are household words. They are:

General Baden Powell—The Boy Scouts' Association

General Botha—United South Africa.

General Booth—The Salvation Army.

"In this uncertain world we cannot be sure of much," Winston Churchill continued, "but it seems probable that

*Some extracts from "Booth the Beloved" by Commissioner J. Evan Smith, the Army Founder's Private Secretary (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London, Melbourne). Obtainable through The Army's Trade Department.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

Founder of the World-wide Salvation Army

Now Operating in Ninety Countries and Colonies

TOILER AND MAN

100-200 years hence, or it may be more, these three monuments, which we have seen set up in our lifetime, will still proclaim the fame of their founders, not in the silent testimony of stone or bronze, but as institutions, guiding and shaping the lives and thoughts of men."

* * *

Intimate association with William Booth—bound up as I was with his private life—enabled me to study him closely, and it is worthy of note that the characteristics for which this one-time pawnbroker's assistant ultimately became world renowned in his public service were equally in evidence in his life behind the scenes.

William Booth's habits were plain and simple in the extreme. Although by this time he could have commanded the best of everything, and could have personally benefited by the numerous gifts, both in money and kind, that wealthy people were ready to shower upon him, he steadfastly refused to accept anything in the nature of presents for himself. All had to go into the Army pool!

A friend once laughingly suggested to the General that his success, and the universal respect in which he was held would turn his head. "You will be getting a swelled head in your old age," he said. The aged leader answered quite simply—his birthday had just passed over: "All yesterday I was overwhelmed with telegrams and letters of congratulations from all quarters of the world. My only feeling was one of intense humility, which could find no more adequate expression than in the old phrase, "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest I am the least of all Thy saints."

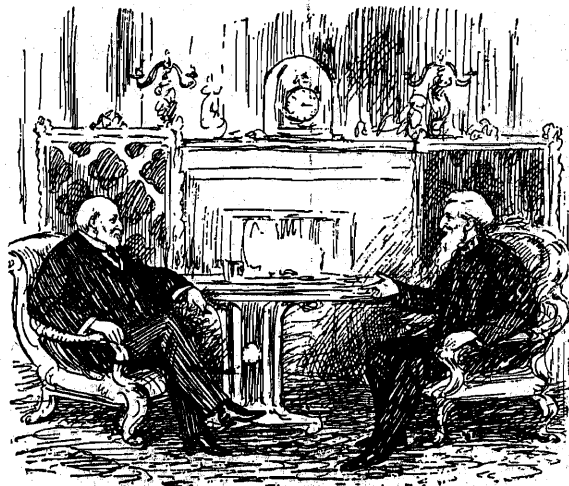
* * *

His residence at Hadley Wood, rented to him by The Army, was a very modest home; the General's study and bedroom being the best of the half-dozen main rooms, which also included the secretary's office and bedroom, a small dining room, and sleeping accommodation for the housekeeper and her assistant.

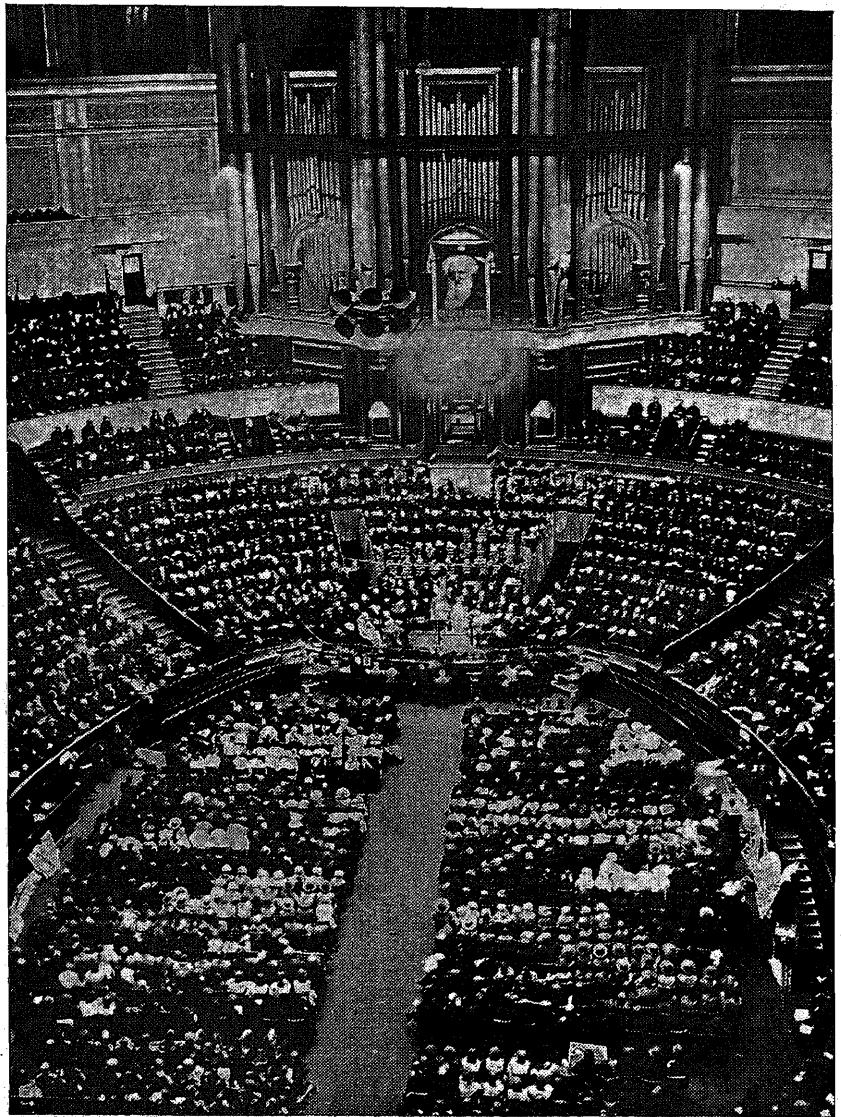
He had no hobbies or recreations. His

physical exercise was obtained by a brief walk around the garden or along the country lanes surrounding his home.

Had there been a conveyance to take him to the railway station when going on a journey, this patriarch of eighty years would have considered it extravagant to have indulged for that relatively short distance. Hurrying down the



Christmas Number



UPPER: The Royal Albert Hall, London, in which great circular auditorium William Booth addressed audiences of ten thousand people. The scene is that of a memorial rally in honor of The Army Founder's life and labors



RIGHT: Commissioner J. E. Smith, writer of the accompanying reminiscences.



ROYALTY HONORED HIM

There came a time in the career of the Army Founder when even the highest people of the land respected and esteemed him for his work's sake. This old print shows him in audience with King Edward VII at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty evinced great interest in the Army's work which had by that time spread to almost every part of the world.



avenue to catch the train, nipped sometimes by a biting wind, he would stop at distances of between fifty and sixty yards in order to regain his breath, leaning heavily upon my shoulder in the meantime.

His antipathy to unnecessary expenditure sometimes caused his personal staff considerable concern. They felt that at his age, and with the great

(Continued on page 21)

Page Thirteen



CHRISTMAS in CELEBES

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL LEONARD WOODWARD
(KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ORANGE NASSAU)

It was quiet. Not a sound could be heard in the village, no lights were visible; it looked as if the whole population was sleeping. I had misgivings. But when we mounted the ladders to the Lobo we found it chock full with expectant people! Boys were even sitting upon the cross-beams of the roof. Tiny candles were lit after our arrival and over 600 people waited eagerly.

What a meeting it was! I saw Booli, the son of Chief Tam Gempo, followed by a group of young men with long hair, try to squeeze in at the back. I called them forward and they sat on the floor at the front.

Booli, eighteen years old, was one of our first converts in the village. He had walked a seven-day journey to attend this meeting.

The Commissioner asked for testimonies: up stepped Booli and told how he had been to Pada, where his father had often taken part in head-hunting raids. His father had captured young people and brought them back to Kantewo as slaves. Some of the slaves and Booli's father, the old Chief, were in the meeting listening to the lad's testimony as the boy gave thanks to God that: "It is all different now! Because Jesus had come to them as He had come to the shepherds on that first Christmas morning.

"I have told the Pada people that there is no head-hunting now, no slave raiding, no more human sacrifices. We have learned, from our Salvation Army friends, that God sent His Son into the world; that He is Light and that Light is shining here in Kantewo. These young men here with me have come from Pada to see this thing for themselves."

The New Way of Life

After that memorable meeting the old Chief told the young men that they must stay as his guests. They did and, during their stay, absorbed more of the message and the new way of life that had come to Kantewo through the Gospel.

During my last Christmas in Celebes, 1948, I visited Onde and there the Salvation Army Commanding Officer is Laua: he was the other of the first two converts won at Kantewo. And I dedicated to God several grandchildren of the former head-hunters, the third generation of Christians growing up among that Toradja tribe, formerly notorious for their head-hunting and slave raiding. Thanks be to God!

THE village of Kantewo, on the shoulder of a mountain in Central Celebes, is a lonely habitation for the Salvation Army officer and his wife. The nearest colleague is three days' journey away, one day on horseback and two on foot through jungle and precipitous hills.

The village is an old native fort and the entrance is a kind of tunnel formed by the giant roots of two great trees. The largest building in the village is the Lobo, or Heathen Temple, a huge structure on piles about six feet above the ground. There are no doors or windows. Logs for floor and wall have been whittled from the huge trees by chopping knives. The inside of the building is dark and the atmosphere foul. Many sacrifices to evil spirits have taken place within; bloodstains abound. Here buffalo, pigs and, alas! human beings have been victims.

Outside the Fort are some houses, including the officers' quarters, where live Mrs. Woodward and myself and where are staying at this

Christmas season visitors: Commissioner van der Werken and officers, including Adjutant Gerrit Lebbinck, now the Territorial Commander for Indonesia.

On this memorable Christmas, when I had friends as my guests, I made it known that the Lobo would be the scene of a special meeting, at which the story of the first Christmas would be told.

There are no calendars, no record of dates among these native people, no name for the day of the month or week, or year, in their language. One day is as another day, so I had to tell them that "to-morrow is Christmas Day and a great meeting will be held in the Lobo before sunrise."

It was dark when we officers, equipped with lamps and each with a long staff, wended our way in single file down through the tree tunnel. Commissioner van der Werken remarked that we looked rather like the shepherds going down to Bethlehem!

'T WAS "The Best Ever"



Christmas at an Eventide
Home Happily Described
by One of the Residents

WE old men relaxed contented in the soft chesterfields and easy arm-chairs at our home — The Army's "Byron Gate" Eventide Home.

We had a good Christmas; in fact, many of the old timers said it was the best Christmas celebration since the Home opened some six years ago. Festivities were held in the main sitting-room, brightly bedecked with red and green streamers, tinsel and sprays of red poinsettas. At the program childhood reflections came flashing into our minds and we "old gents" beamed like young folks as Sir Santa Claus and his dearly-beloved wife exchanged greetings before a gaily-lighted ten-foot Christmas tree.

An Irish Guest

As Nick N— stepped up to the platform dressed in knickerbockers, a red bow tie and toque on his head, he opened a program of Eventide Home talent by reciting a well-



Playing Outside Homes and Institutions

GREAT WORDS

THE greatest word is God. The deepest word is Soul. The longest word is Eternity. The swiftest word is Time. The nearest word is Now. The darkest word is Sin. The meanest word is Hypocrisy. The broadest word is Truth. The strongest word is Right. The tenderest word is Love. The sweetest word is Home. The dearest word is Mother.

Christmas Number

come speech of uncouth rhyme, pausing briefly to suck a lollipop. Next on the program was our Irish guest who with appropriate gestures rattled off an Irish recitation. Shouts of glee could be heard from every corner of the room and adjoining corridors, as he gave an encore heralded by deafening applause. Silver-haired George W— sang an Irish ditty, entitled "Molly Malone," making apologies to a member of the staff who was blessed with that name.

Entertaining with vocal solos were the local corps officer, and also Mr. B—, who sang in his native Ukrainian tongue. A trio sang and a dialogue, "The Minister's Mistake," was given by younger members of the Citadel Corps.



ding covered with lemon sauce.

On the walls of the cream-and-white dining room there were wreaths of branches and holly. After the dinner the men showed their appreciation to the genial superin-



: Christmas Chimes :

CHRISTMAS CHIMES above the tumult

In a restless world are heard,
And their soothing tones of comfort
Many a troubled heart has stirred.
Through the gloom and shades of mourning
Echoes come in tender strain
Telling of that happy Morning
When the "Prince of Peace" shall reign.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES! — and angels singing

From the realms of heaven above,
Breaking through the night and bringing
Faith and Hope on wings of Love.

Turning upward from its sorrow,
Many a tearful eye is seen
Looking for that blissful Morrow,
Where no clouds can intervene.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES!—Hark! Let us listen,

And in humble gratitude,
Turning reverently toward Heaven,
Thank the Giver of all good.
Christmas Chimes! Oh, keep on ringing
O'er this whole wide earth again,
Ever sweeter, nearer bringing
"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL
TOWARD MEN!"

ALBERT E. ELLIOTT

(Author of "Out of the Shadows" and "Into the Sunshine.")

Everyone tapped his foot in time to "pint-size" Andy Coleman's lilt- ing violin selections, and after the program, at which the Divisional Commander presided, refreshments were served. There were presents for everyone.

Christmas dinner was just as "scrumptious" as dinners prepared by our mothers long, long ago. There was all the golden-brown turkey we men could get under our vests; mashed potatoes and gravy, succulent dressing, cranberry sauce, carrots, peas and of course plum pud-

tendent and Home staff for the truly wonderful way in which the preparations were carried out, commenting that this Christmas was "the best ever."



Jesus Said:

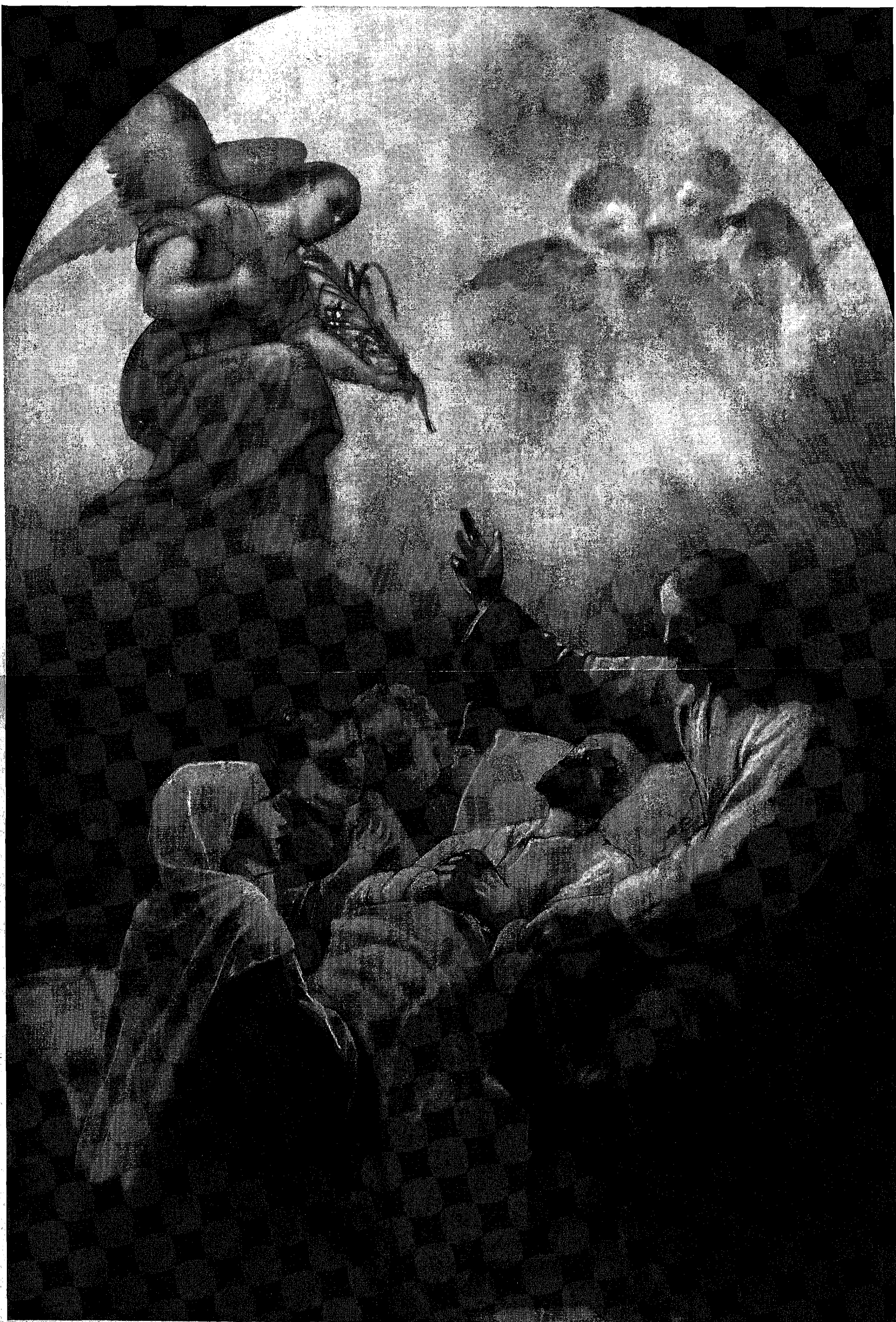
"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Matthew 11:28

Page Fifteen

“Thou Art With Me”—Psalm 23, 4

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints—Psalm 116:15.



One of the most unusual subjects ever chosen by a great painter is that by Carl Bloch depicting the passing of Joseph. Students of the Bible will recall that little is recorded of Joseph apart from the Bethlehem and Temple Dedication scenes, and it is assumed that this just and good man died when Christ was a comparatively young man. The painting shows the Saviour at the bedside, with Mary His mother, providing the consolation that only He could give; while angels hover near, waiting to bear the released spirit to Paradise.

TURNING ^{the} TABLES on TOM

The Captain's Patience Bore Fruit

BY GLADSTONE FARADAY

YOUNG People's Sergeant-Major John Bright was worried—exceedingly worried. He indulged in the time-honored custom of scratching his head, wrinkling his brow and stroking his chin; but these exercises, brought him no appreciable relief.

The matter uppermost in the Sergeant-Major's mind concerned his most loved occupation—the efficient and progressive management of Westville Young People's Corps. For some few Sundays past the usually well-poised balance of the Sunday afternoon meeting had been badly upset by the mysterious pranks of a youthful joker, and so adroitly had they been planned and carried out that it had been impossible to locate the perpetrator.

Most recent of the upsets was during the last Young People's Company meeting when the Sergeant-Major had been leading the opening prayer-period two dismal howls had interrupted the proceedings. Investigation revealed the fact that while all eyes were closed someone had rapidly delivered a couple of stinging shots, evidently with a pea-shooter, at the fleshy necks of Wal-lie and Willie Tubbs, twins of considerable stoutness and noted for quick vocal objection to the slightest discomfort of any kind.

Suspicion fell on a group of three or four lads who were not above causing a disturbance, but when questioned each one stoutly denied ownership of the deed. Loudest in his denial was Tom, an odd-featured youngster in his early teens whose eyes sparkled with mischief, even if his mouth did look as if butter would not melt therein.

But the climax came on the following Sunday—and with it a discovery.

The Sergeant-Major had concluded prayers, and had begun to line out a song, "There is a Better World—oh—a-tishoo!" The speaker burst into a terrific sneeze. "I-er-a-shoo!" he spluttered again, and his efforts were followed by a regular chorus of sneezes from all over the hall. Everybody seemed to have caught the infection, and the hall resounded with snorts, sneezes and coughing. "I-er—" started the Sergeant-

MATCHLESS LOVE

I KNOW not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the Godhead be;
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's Cross
A world from sin could free;
I only know its matchless love
Has brought God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's tomb
Could solve death's mystery;
I only know a living Christ,
Our immortality.

Harry Webb Farrington.

Major again, with handkerchief pressed to his face, "I-er." He suddenly paused as his streaming eyes fell on a strange sight—that of a boyish figure writhing in agony before the big black stove at the back of the hall. It was Tom Rollick, tasting his own medicine. He had stealthily slipped a small package of cayenne pepper in the stove, and had caught the first dose himself. The biter had been bitten!

"It was a very foolish thing to do—and might have resulted seriously for Master Thomas. But I hesitate to have him suspended from the meetings, Sergeant-Major, if only on account of his mother—an invalid as you know—and his father is out of work again. I'm afraid if she knew it would only aggravate her many troubles, poor soul. Leave the case with me for a week or two, and we'll see what can be done." Thus spoke the Corps Officer.

The Sergeant-Major gave vent to a sigh. He too felt reluctant to dismiss Tom, but what else could he do? Some resemblance of order must be maintained in the meetings.

Now it happened that Christmas-time was drawing near, and the winter being a severe one, it went

hardly with the Rollick family. The wolf of starvation gnawed at the cottage door, and things looked serious, especially as Tom's mother could not be cared for properly.

Came then the Captain to the rescue and, ably seconded by the Sergeant-Major, the two worked hard to obtain some relief for the family. A business man of the town provided fuel, a doctor promised medicine and attention to the ailing Mrs. Rollick, and the Corps Home League and League of Mercy saw to other necessities. On the table Christmas morning was a hamper of goodies from the older children of the Young People's Corps.

"May I speak to you, Captain?" It was a slightly-faltering voice that spoke. "By all means, my boy," was the officer's reply to the sober-faced lad who had addressed him. "Come into my office here."

"I have come to ask you and the Sergeant-Major to forgive me for the mean tricks I have played in the company meeting. I deserve to be punished but you have been kind to mother and I see things differently now. I want to be good, and I'll start right now." Tom's glistening eyes proved that he spoke the truth.

"Then suppose you start in the best possible way," suggested the Captain, as he set the example by getting on his knees. "The Sergeant-Major won't mind waiting, while you pray for forgiveness." And Tom did so.

The sequel, which incidentally covers a long period of years, is not hard to relate, nor does it take long. Tom became a worker amongst young people himself, and later a religious leader, helping many lads to find Christ. Only the other day—after thirty years—he visited the Army's Headquarters to tell the story to the officer concerned.





Famous Painting

Vivid description of

HOLMAN HUNT'S MASTERPIECE

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"

THE following is a description of Holman Hunt's famous picture, "The Light of the World":

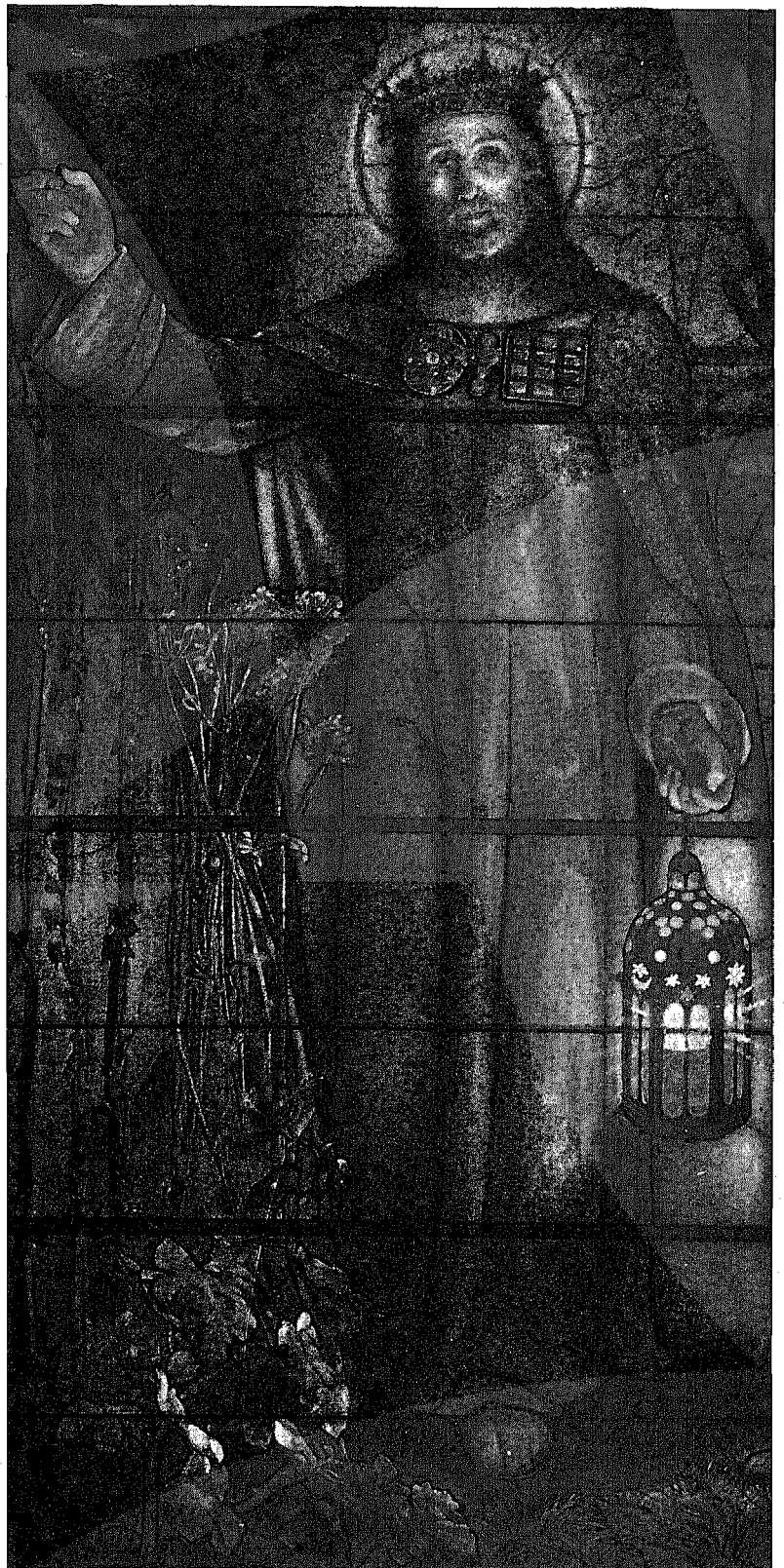
Thousands of persons remember well the profound impression made upon their minds on viewing Hunt's great work but it is a question whether Ruskin's interpretation of it is not greater even than the picture.

The legend beneath the painting is the beautiful verse, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. 3:20). On the left-hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn—the wild grass "whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom." Christ approaches it in the night-time—Christ, in His everlasting offices of prophet, priest, and king. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, interwoven with the crown of thorns; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

Now, when Christ enters any human heart, He bears with Him a two-fold light; first, the light of conscience, which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

The light is suspended by a chain, wrapped about the wrist of the Figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

The light which proceeds from the head of the Figure, on the contrary,



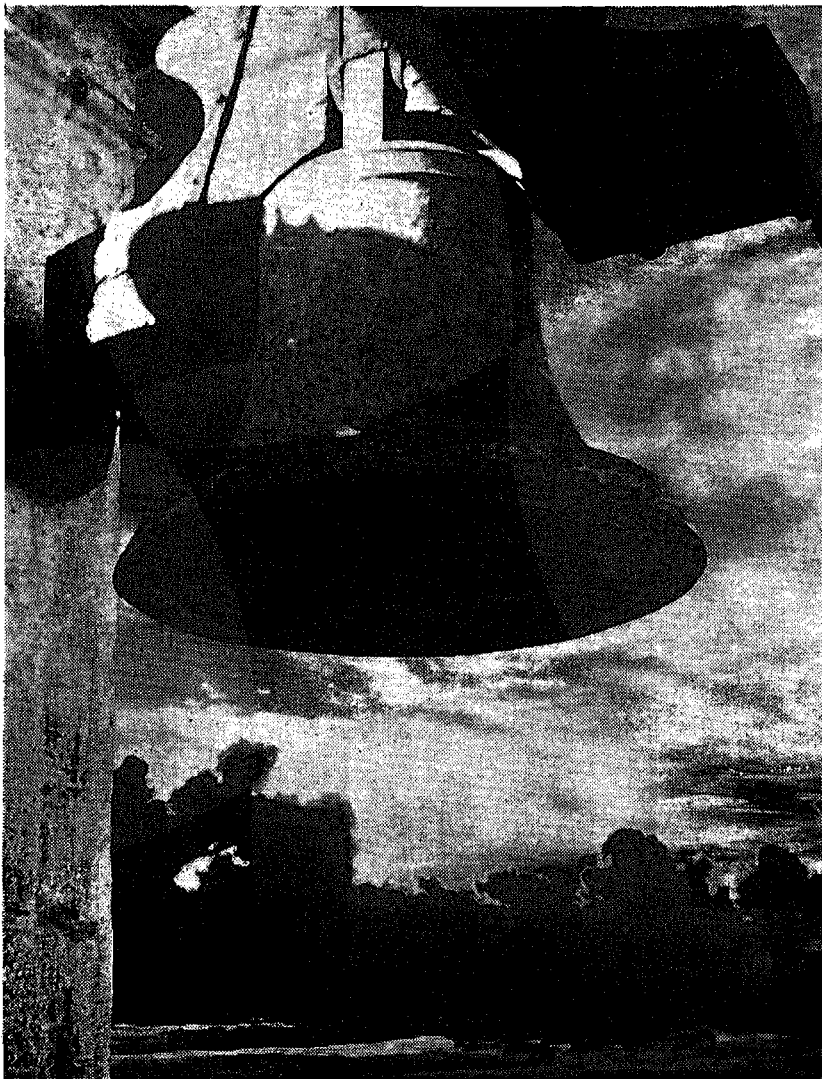
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Revelation 3: 20

From a photograph of a stained glass window in Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, Toronto

is that of the hope of Salvation, it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing

that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

There is no doubt whatever that the picture is one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.



weather. As recently as 1852 the Bishop of Malta ordered the bells to ring out at the approach of a fierce gale, which they did for an hour. Whether it accomplished anything is not recorded.

It must have been a glorious day for England after the war when the long-absent clangor of bells began again. They were ordered to be silent during the recent war, as their distinctive sounds would disclose towns and villages to aircraft; also, it had been agreed that, in the event of a sudden invasion by sea, the church bells would ring out in unison as a sign for England to awake and resist the foe. Luckily, that eventuality did not arise and, on the cessation of strife, the ban was lifted and the bells chimed out again.

Bells seem to belong to a church, but they have been used in other connections. As clock-chimes they serve well to mark the passing hours, quarters and halves; as a similar service, they are found useful on board ship, while the thundering fire-engine clears a way for itself by the clattering bell. But few folks liked them on the locomotive. Overseas immigrants were puzzled and a little amazed as their vessel approached Canada's shores or wended its way up the St. Lawrence to hear what they thought were church bells, only to find the sound emanating from a railway engine. This practice has ceased.

Bells started out modestly small,

An Old Bell in Bethlehem

SWEET CHIMING BELLS

CHRISTMAS BELLS! What a jubilant note rings out as they clash and clang in the clear, frosty air! Nothing—unless it is a lively carol played by an Army band—so truly symbolizes the hilarious joy of the Saviour's birth as peal after peal of tumultuous bells. When Old Scrooge stuck his head out of his upstairs window immediately following his amazing series of dreams that God used to change him from a miserly, cranky old man into a human being, it was the bells that enhanced his new-found joy. They were fairly rollicking out from Old London's steeples—St. Clements, St. Brides, St. Dunstons, St. Giles, All-Hallows and the rest—and the sound fairly thrilled the rejuvenated Scrooge, whilst the picture presented by the sparkling snow and the happy people hurrying to divine services made him bubble over with goodwill and genuine happiness.

Bells are a wonderful invention, whichever way you look at it. Their origin is shrouded in mystery, but

An Informative Article on a Seasonable Subject

BY SENIOR-MAJOR HERBERT WOOD

that they go a long way back is evidenced by mention of them in ancient literature. Bells (little, tinkling ones) were said to have been attached to the garments of the High Priest in Bible times—as far back as Moses' day—and the Prophet Zechariah speaks of horses being adorned with them.

But the large-sized church bell does not appear on the scene—at least, not that we can discover—until the sixth century. Their use was not merely to summon worshippers to church; early Christians believed that their peals drove the devil away from the souls of dying believers. Perhaps there was a modicum of science in the belief that their brazen cacophony would dispel a threatening storm, for rain-makers have proved that a violent noise, the blast of a cannon or something similar can and does affect the

but grew larger and larger. It seemed to be the ambition of the founders to make larger and still larger bells, although they knew

that it would take a massive tower to support the dead weight of a huge chimer, and a derrick to get it into place. The largest bell to be cast was termed, "The great bell of Moscow"—weight, 200 tons; height, twenty-six feet. It cracked at the first attempt, (1735) and was merely set up on a pedestal to be viewed with awe. However, another try was made and succeeded, ringing out its deep-toned diapason from the great cathedral for many years.

Weighty Bells

The second largest bell is at Rangoon, Burma, and is reckoned the world's most perfect large bell. Big Ben, London's best-known bell, is thirteen and a half tons in weight, and his voice is known the world over, thanks to radio's magic scope, for it tells the world what time it is in London.

(Continued on Page 24)

CEASELESS TOILER FOR GOD AND MAN

(Continued from page 13)

burdens resting upon him, nothing that would contribute to his personal comfort should be withheld. But he was not to be moved. The call to service was always more important to him than consideration of physical infirmity, and the needs of the poor and outcast had constant priority in his thoughts.

When he was in England on Christmas Day he delighted to visit the various Institutions. There was obvious joy and satisfaction in his heart as he went from place to place, seeing the care-worn and poverty-stricken partaking of a hot Christmas dinner. This, he felt, was the best way for money to be spent; not on him—never on him!

His frugal habits were perhaps most noticeable in the simplicity of his diet. He often said that many people ate themselves to death, and considered that a well-chosen diet contributed to longevity.

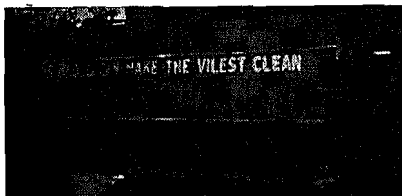
When visiting the City of Paisley for a special meeting he was entertained by Sir James Coats, of the noted cotton manufacturing firm, and Lady Coats at their beautiful home. A sumptuous repast had been prepared for the distinguished guest, and as we sat down at the table the hostess quoted from the menu—soup, fish, pheasant, vegetables and sweets, but when she asked the General what he would take he astonished her by replying, "Nothing of that for me, thank you, Lady Coats. Will you please ask the maid to bring me a bowl of bread and milk?"

His favorite drink was strong tea, diluted with plenty of boiled milk, and this he insisted should be served really hot. If lukewarm he would not complain to the hostess, but turn to the maid, standing by, and, with his hand encircling the cup, call out in his deepest tones, "Mary" (he called all the maids "Mary"), "Mary, I like my tea as I like my religion—hot, very hot."

The General's good health and longevity were a testimony to the wisdom of dieting. When he dilated upon the subject no one could oppose him for long, because his extraordinary energy and alertness of mind and body were indisputable proofs that his abstemiousness did not militate against his vigor. Nevertheless he was constantly having advice tendered him, especially by his hosts.

William Booth was an indefatigable worker. It would be difficult to discover in the long catalog of historic personalities one who wasted less time. His passion to put every moment to use seemed to increase rather than to decrease with the passing years.

Never was he idle, nor could he tolerate seeing anyone else idle, as those of his personal staff well knew. He had no room for slackers. He coined a phrase, "Every hour and every power for Christ and duty," and that was never more true of anyone than of the man himself.



With the Army Founder all roads led to the Mercy-Seat.

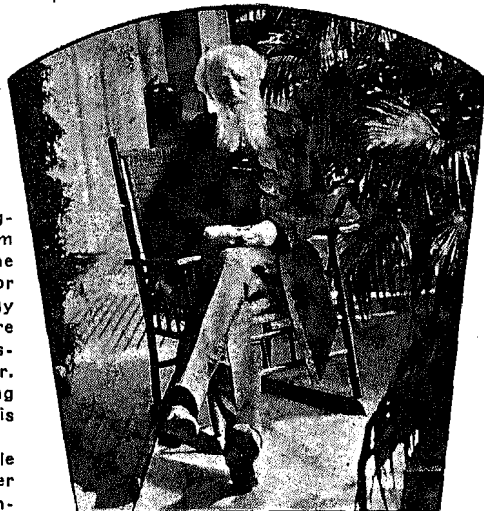
He toiled night and day, dictated letters and messages, gave important decisions, interviewed prominent people, prepared sermons and articles for the press, at home, in the office, on board ship and in cab or car, messages which I was expected to type under the strangest circumstances. Business was transacted during our travels in respect to prominent Army leaders and the activities of the organization in all parts of the world. Often I have typed letters with the machine on the seat of a railway compartment, while I knelt on the floor, tapping out the words with considerable difficulty.

Indeed, he begrudged even an hour away from his work. Once he was persuaded to have a Christmas party for the benefit of his grandchildren, for whom he reluctantly spared an hour or two of his precious time.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, I remember, and the Chief, as he was known, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, with several of their children, gathered in the Founder's study. What a party that was! There were no games, Christmas packets or bumper packages but the singing of well-known Army choruses, and testimonies from the grandchildren.

There was, too, some free and happy conversation between the items, but all

The Army's happy religion sang its way around the world.



A portrait of William Booth taken in Canada.

the while the old gentleman was itching to get back to work. While one of the grandchildren was singing, this inveterate toiler suddenly emerged from the study and came to my office, saying, "Smith, I wish we could get on with our work!"

That work was for him an obsession, and it is perfectly true that he did not lift his finger from the pulse of the world-wide affairs of The Army until he passed to his heavenly reward.

* * *

The General's lectures abounded with stories, grave and gay. It was thrilling to hear him graphically relate "More rope wanted," "Please, sir, save me," and others very similar, with which he often concluded his lectures on such subjects as: "The Secret of the Success of The Salvation Army," "The Romance of The Salvation Army," or "The Lesson of My Life." These stories invariably made a powerful and appealing climax.

He loved to tell of the old woman, picked up from the gutter, dead drunk, dishevelled, dirty and verminous. She was arrested for the hundredth time for being drunk and disorderly and given the option of going to prison or being passed over to the care of The Salvation Army. Too intoxicated to know what she was doing, she chose the latter. Taken to one of our Homes, where, after a good hot bath, she was placed in a cosy bed between clean white sheets, she was watched over by a sister till the morning. When she woke the sunlight streamed through the window and the happy, unaccustomed surroundings surprised her.

"Where am I? Where am I?" She exclaimed.

"You are with The Salvation Army," said the sister, kindly and softly.

"Oh, good gracious!" roared the old woman. "Take me out of this or I'll lose my reputation!"

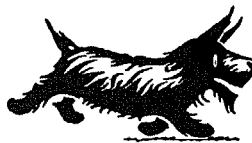
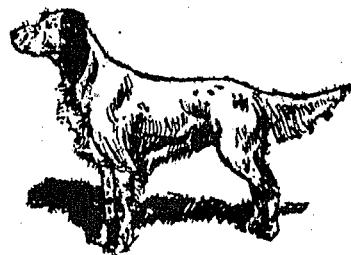
Another story I heard him repeat till almost the end of his days was told him by Mr. Seth Low, then Mayor of New York. A certain church dignitary was asked what he thought of The Salvation Army, and the reply was, "Well, to tell you the truth, I don't like it at all; but, to be candid with you, I believe God Almighty does."





"THE DOG MAN"

Four-footed Friends Seemed
Fond of Him, but No
One Else Cared Except
The Salvation Army



BY BRIER LEA

AS Major John Ryan sat on the platform on his Welcome Sunday he little thought that the conversion of one man in his new Corps would make front page news in the metropolitan dailies.

The Hall was well filled with people who appeared prosperous, happy and comfortable. Even the back seats did not contain one unhappy or drunken face. Could it be possible that in this district of the large city there were no outcasts from God and society?

The Major questioned his comrades and soon discovered his mistake. There were many back streets where crime and drunkenness flourished. The neighborhood was crowded with taverns where young and old sought to forget their miseries in drink.

For several weeks Major John Ryan studied his district and prayed for guidance. Finally his answer came. "Mary," he said to his wife, "I feel that this year I should stay in the city when you and the children go home for the holidays. I want to take the time to become acquainted with our neighbors at Angel Court."

Later on the Major rented a room near Angel Court. The dejected-looking, dirty children who played along the narrow streets soon learned that the newcomer was their friend. When night came, the Salvationist would go into the taverns with the parents. No one, of course, persuaded him to share in their drinking, but he listened to their stories, and many drunkards unable to reach their homes were grateful for his help.

In the Robin Hood Tavern, the Major met the "Dog Man." Every one seemed to know the tragedy of this poor creature's life, but no one

knew his name. He was always accompanied by three or four homeless dogs, and some joker had dubbed him the "Dog Man." Twenty-five years before he had been a lawyer with promising prospects. A junior partner in a well-known city firm, he, Harold Norton, had been able to provide a comfortable home for his wife and three children.

From an occasional drinker Harold had become an alcoholic. After many warnings he returned home one night to discover that his wife and children had disappeared. The frantic husband vowed that he would never sleep under a roof until he had found his family.

Homeless dogs recognized a congenial spirit in the drunken wanderer. Storekeepers and restaurant owners saved their scraps of food for him and his dogs. He made his headquarters in the bush, and there lived, surrounded by his faithful dogs. Drawn by the sympathetic interest of Major Ryan, the "Dog Man" had told his story of a ruined life.

On his return to the Corps, the Major told his experiences to the comrades. The quiet pale-faced Corps Treasurer recognized the "Dog Man" as one of his old companions. "God has done so much for us, we should do what we can for Him," he suggested.

Then it happened that The Salvation Army went on the march through the Angel Court district. The Officer and his comrades visited the beer-taverns, inviting the customers to a meeting in the Hall. In the crowd that followed the march was the "Dog Man."

In the meeting the Corps Treasurer was one of a number of comrades who testified to victory over sin. The "Dog Man" listened to the Major's invitation to seek salvation, then slowly he rose from his seat and knelt at the Penitent-

Form saying, "If God could change old Fred (the Treasurer), there is hope for me."

The "Dog Man" found forgiveness and salvation that night, and his name Harold Norton returned to him once again.

Norton, having disclosed his name to the Major, gave him a small photo of his wife which he had treasured through the years, and when later in the evening, Major Ryan showed the picture to his wife, she exclaimed, "I know that woman."

Wondering, the Major waited for the explanation. The woman was one of the Major's new War Cry customers. She had seen a copy of the photo in her customer's home last week. The owner had explained that it had been taken before her marriage.

Jane Norton had lived for fifteen years on one of the streets where her husband had conducted his vain search. The Major found it difficult to persuade Mrs. Norton to forgive her husband until the daughter reminded her mother of a promise made to her dying brother. The lad had never forgotten his father and had won a promise from his mother to give his father one more chance.

Jane Norton kept her word and welcomed her husband back to her affections. In the years that follow-

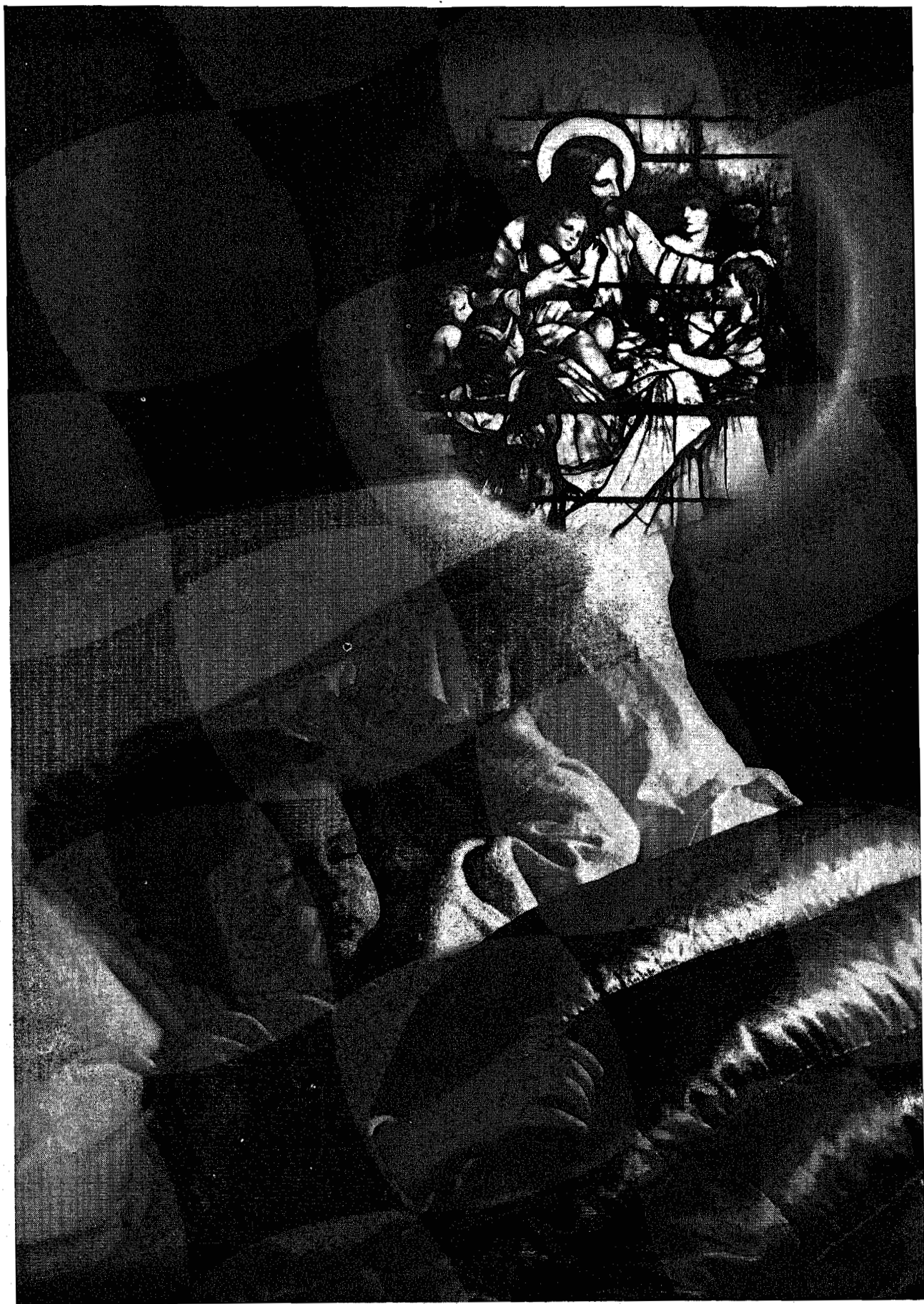


The War Cry played its part

ed the joyful reunion, Harold and Jane Norton proved that the promise, given when the children of Israel repented, was still true: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2:25.)

They took the message of Salvation to "Angel Court" where the poorer people heard them gladly.





"LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME"



A Picture In Palestine

Turned Out To Be a War Cry Illustration

FOR several months during the last war it was my privilege to be a guide for servicemen and women in the Holy Land, writes a Salvationist. I saw all the places of Biblical, historical and geographical interest from Dan to Beer-sheba time and time again, and I never tired of seeing them. I was able to add to my "guiding" a word for the Master.

Some of my "pilgrims" would bring me their letters to read before sending them home so that I could see if their descriptions were correct. It was a thrill to read at the end of some that the writers had decided to follow Christ more fully

and how the Scriptures had "come alive" to them.

I made many friends among the Palestinians, both Arabs and Jews, and they would often invite me to their homes. One of these was an old Arab whom I knew to be very poor. Several times I declined his offer because an Arab expects you to have a meal with him if you darken his doors and I knew he could not afford to entertain me.

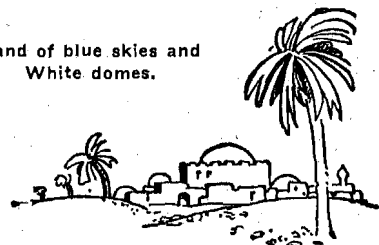
The Holy Family

However, one afternoon I went to his home, one small room, one very small table, one sleeping mat and one small chair. The light from one small window was only sufficient to shine on the opposite wall. In this light was a framed

picture, the only one in the house.

I took a closer look at it, and as I was doing so my host said "Bethlehem, Jesus, good," then pointed to the sky and put his hands together as a small child would do to pray. The picture was of Mary, Joseph and the Infant Jesus in Bethlehem. Surely I'd seen that picture before! Most certainly I had, because I read on it "Christmas War Cry, 1938." I asked him where he had obtained it and he said "Me find it, bring it home, put it in wood (frame), hang it up, Jesus good," and once again he put his hands together for prayer.

Land of blue skies and
White domes.



SWEET CHIMING BELLS

(Continued from page 20)

A bell that is decidedly unpopular to young folk is the school bell. Don't we remember hurrying to school, praying that we might get there in time to avoid the master's sharp eye and tongue, suddenly hearing the blatant clamor of the bell, and realizing, with sinking heart, that we couldn't "make it?" Seems to us, too, that an almost equally unwelcome bell was used to arouse us in the Training College—at a rather austere hour! Oh, those bells!

Jingling Sleigh Bells

Perhaps the most charming bell is the sleigh-bell variety—strings of them being draped over the horses' backs and suspended from the shafts of the cutter or bob. Some horses even boasted a fine brass bell, dangling from an archway somewhere above the animal's neck. There is but a step between these bells and "dear old Santa's jingle bells," the mention of which sets the kiddies' hearts throbbing with Christmas anticipation.

But how bells can change their mood! The same church chimes that rang out the news of peace or poured out a paean

of praise for some wedding, can strike a poignant note of awe and sadness to the heart when they tell the world of the death of some devout worshipper. "Toll" is the word used then; "chime" is when the bells strike the merry note. "Toll" is also the word used when the grim jail bell indicates that a wretched murderer has paid the penalty for his crimes. Bells can ring the changes on a variety of expressions.

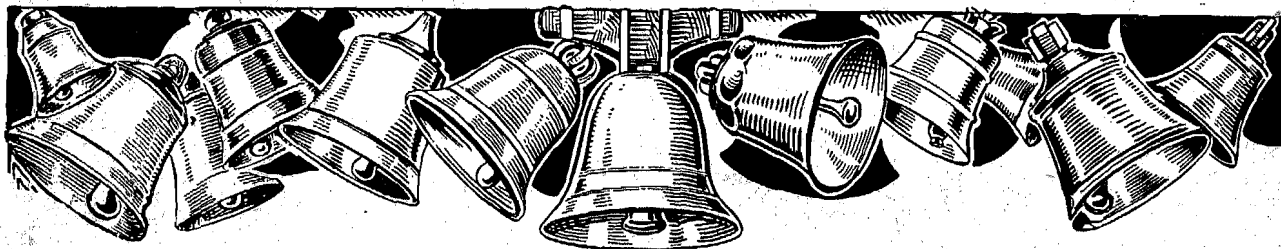
But, coming back to Christmas, the bell is a seasonable symbol. Think of the gleaming, silvery ones that adorn the Christmas tree. Picture the fancy, paper ones that dangle from the doorways of our homes. Think of the ecstatic tinkling of sleigh-bells—still heard in many parts of Canada (not quite obliterated by the hideous chug-chug of motor vehicles) coming to us faintly across the glittering snow. The rhythmic beat of the sounds speak to us of joyfully speeding horses for, the faster the animals trot, the quicker the stroke of the bells, only slowing to a stop and a final jangle when the creatures stop in front of the farmhouse, clouds of steam issu-

ing from their wide nostrils. Then their jolly passengers tumble off into the snow, rosy faces and sparkling eyes telling of glowing health and radiant happiness—not only at the thrill of the gliding ride but at the prospects of roast turkey and good fellowship within.

Reminder of the First Christmas

"Ring out, wild bells;" may your voices never be silent; remind us again and again of that first Christmas, when the Joybells were set a-ringing at the tremendously exciting news that the world's long night was over—that God had—"in the fullness of time"—at last sent a Saviour whose coming meant "peace and goodwill" and a happiness men had never dreamed possible.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And mild and sweet the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

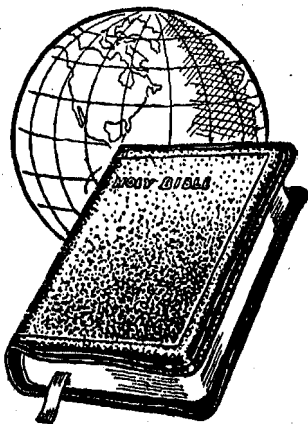


UNTO YOU, THIS DAY IS BORN



*The Event
That Changed
All History*

A Saviour



joyous Message of the angelic host, "Unto you a Saviour is born". Joy came to the world when it was least expected.

God's message comes again to mankind to-day. His promise of redemption is the same: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The message is a reminder that man is lost

been like without Christ's coming, an event which changed all history.

Yet Christmas to many is just "Xmas"—the Christ completely obliterated! To multitudes He is just "X" the Unknown. In this our day the Saviour of Christmas, as when He lived on earth, is unrecognized, unwanted and definitely rejected. Our day is a day of gross materialism, greed, selfishness, and godlessness. The people truly sit in

by The Chief Secretary
COLONEL Wm. DRAY

THE sweet music of Heaven and of the Angel choir was heard by the shepherds on that beautiful starry night,—the first Christmas Eve—long ago. The song that came to earth on that joyous occasion brought a message the world had long awaited.

In those days the world was in darkness, and historians tell us conditions were darker than at any time in the world's history. God's voice apparently had not been heard, or listened to, for hundreds of years, and the faithful among the Chosen People had almost despaired of deliverance. There was no voice nor no prophet to enlighten those that dwelt in the deepening shadows.

Then suddenly out of the darkness, a Light shone. In the stillness of the night came the cry of a Babe and the

and without hope, without Divine means to bring about his redemption. Sin has broken the relationship between God and man. The promise of the Saviour comes in fulfillment of the faithfulness of the Father, and in answer to the universal need.

The purpose of Christ's coming is to bring light to them that sit in darkness, to bring liberty to the captive; to bind up the broken heart; to bring deliverance to all bound by sin; to teach men the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. To bring sinners again into fellowship with God. Was not this the most glorious news that could have reached the Jewish people. They prayed for deliverance, trusted that a Saviour should come, and He came. The message was heralded from the skies; but He was unrecognized, He was unwanted, He was refused and rejected. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not".

The people expected a king, and they found a babe. Their thoughts were of an earthly king; a throne and a kingdom; they found a stable and a manger. And yet they were in dire need—actually slaves in bondage, captives bound and waiting for deliverance. The people He came to save refused Him and deliverance, and actually destroyed Him.

The world today celebrates Christmas largely as a holiday, feasting, gaiety, family-reunions, compared with the few who really commemorate the coming of the Saviour—the coming of God to man, when the Word was made flesh. The vast majority of people fail to acknowledge the great significance of the Advent in world history, and yet we cannot imagine what the world would have

great darkness: "the Light shineth and the darkness comprehendeth it not".

The message of the angelic host is the same to-day; it has not changed in any way. It still rings out, challenging all who live in darkness and sin. To these the message still comes: "To you a Saviour is born". Apart from Christ mankind is lost and without hope. He is the Saviour of men. The Christmas Message is for everyone, everywhere. "For as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God". The invitation is *personal*, it is addressed to the individual.

Oh, that men and nations might recognize the Christ of Christmas, and turn their hearts to Him in confession and repentance, and accept

A Christmas Prayer

LET not our hearts be
busy inns
That have no need for
Thee,
But cradles for the living
Christ
And His nativity.

Him as Saviour and King of their lives. His mission is to save from sin, to bring peace and victory to the human heart. All the ills of time have their root in evil, but He came to lift men above their failures and sins and give them victory over the world, the flesh and the Devil.

The Christmas Message is to the "Whosoever". Glory be to God for such a message!



In His Master's



IT WOULD be interesting to know how many men who began life as a bobbin-ligger in a cotton mill have had the privilege of visiting the Holy Land. This rare joy fell to Commissioner John Lawley in connection with the Army Founder's tour to Australia in 1905.

Lawley's mind resembled virgin soil, in that it had not been ploughed, harrowed, fertilized, and cropped to exhaustion; when it met fresh sights the imagination was lively and straightway the wonder, the beauty, the heart of the thing stood out clear and vivid to his mind. There were few memories in his eventful life so dear to him as those associated with his visit to the land where his Saviour passed the days of His flesh. His impressions are preserved in his journal and in reports which he wrote to the Army press.

In order to visit Jerusalem, William Booth travelled by a mail boat, which sailed a week earlier than the one by which he was to travel to Australia. Lawley went in advance to arrange for meetings in Jerusalem, and by travelling overland to Naples, breaking his journey at Rome, he had a few hours of wonderful sight-seeing. It will be

noticed that Lawley saw everything through spiritual glasses, and only preserved those mind pictures which suggested spiritual lessons for himself and others. His journal entries of this period are interesting:

"This has been one of the most interesting days of my life. I have had the great pleasure of seeing Rome. The Coliseum! What an imposing ruin; without doubt built to stand for ever, but decay seems to be written on every wall, every dungeon."

With an eye for hall accommodation he continues:

"When in its glory, it could seat easily seventy thousand people. What stories these walls could tell! What horrors those dungeons could unfold! What saints have winged their flight to Heaven from its arena! Tradition has it that St. Paul was imprisoned here, and near-by died for Jesus' sake."

"The Forum. Here I saw monuments erected to the Vestal Virgins who kept the fire ever burning on the altar of the God Vesta. One of the pedestals is bare. It is said that one of the Vestal maidens became a Christian and, in consequence, was thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum. To show contempt for her memory her pedestal was erected with those of her companions, but not her monument. Her monument rises in another city where the Lord of the martyrs reigns."

While waiting to take boat at Naples, the Commissioner visited Vesuvius. A long way up but well worth the effort.

"I went to the mouth of the crater, looked into its depths, smelled its sul-

phur and its smoke; heard the roll of its boiling lava, and must confess to being a little nervous. This is one of the earth's safety valves. It reminds me of the smallness of man and the mightiness of God."

"From Naples: Had a good look at Puteoli, where Paul landed on his journey to Rome. God kept Paul faithful, and He is the same eternally. He can, He will also keep me."

He regretted that the Mediterranean boat which he boarded at Naples was "not all clean," but that is his last comment on the subject. Other diary entries suggest interesting experiences. Of the touch at Messina he remarked:

"A city of orange and lemon groves, beautiful for situation, horrible for sanitation." He does not wonder that "it has twice been stricken by plague."

He was highly interested to see herds of goats driven through the streets and milked into jugs at the customer's pleasure. The journal continues:

"Leaving Messina, we sailed closely to Reggio, a town on the coast of Sicily, where Paul was driven by the tempest. To-day the skies are blue, the sunshine abundant, and the sea is calm. We are almost opposite Alexandria, where Paul took ship for Rome."

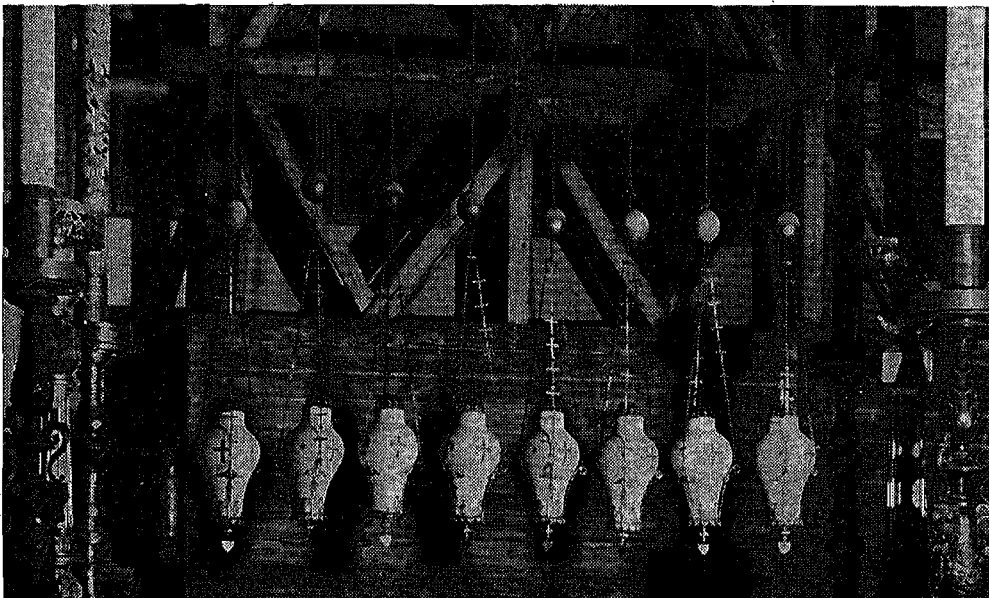
A stay of a few hours made possible a visit to the Pyramids. His diary continues:

"The pyramids. Most impressive but their glory is passing away. The tombs of the Pharaohs stand on the edge of the mighty desert. They look much higher than St. Paul's."

"The desert is wonderful. It fascinates me. Saw the Nile to which Moses was committed in his ark of bulrushes."

Summing up the flight of time which carries away the sons of men—its Pharaohs and its fallaheen—as

*From Mrs. General Carpenter's biography of Commissioner John Lawley, available through The Army's Trade Department.



THE EYES OF THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD
TURN TOWARD
BETHLEHEM AT
CHRISTMASTIDE

Lamps burn steadily in the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, an edifice that, with numerous other interesting sites, is visited annually by great numbers of visitors from many lands. At Christmastide the eyes of the Christian world turn toward the place where the Saviour was born.

Steps

the Nile waters hurry to the sea, he rejoices that God remains.

A remarkable incident occurred as Lawley, wearing a sun helmet and seated on a donkey, was nearing the Pyramids. A fresh young voice called, "Hello, Colonel Lawley." Lawley looked around in surprise and greeted a young smiling man:

"Well and where have we met before?"

"In Berlin. Do you remember the old General putting his hand upon a lift-boy's head at — Hotel, and speaking to him about his soul?" "I'm the boy."

"Jaffa. The Holy Land. Arrived at 6 a.m. Watched the sun rise over the land that gave Jesus birth. Landing pleasant; sea like oil. Called upon Miss Newton and Miss Arnott and arranged with them to billet the General, also arranged a meeting. Visited the house of Simon, the tanner, and left at ten o'clock for Jerusalem. Caught first sight of Jerusalem at four-thirty.

The following days were spent in strenuous and sometimes disappointing efforts to make suitable arrangements for meetings whereby the General might preach Jesus during his brief stay in the Holy City. Diary entries throw a little light on the difficulties incidental to such a campaign.

"Went to see British Consul. Was received most kindly, and offered every possible help.

"Spent most of day seeking halls; very little success. Tent impossible; only one in the country, and that not available and church refused. Offered us iron room. Useless. Mr. Thompson, American Christian Alliance, offered his Tabernacle for any day and any hour. Rather small and out of the way.

"Called on Russian Consul. He knows our work, and will render us all help possible. With wife and daughter will attend select meeting."

"Called on French Consul. Cynical."

"Called on Bishop Blythe; was cordial, and promised to attend the meeting, if possible."

"Went with British Consul to see the Governor of Jerusalem. Quiet civic affair, dragoman with drawn sword cleared the way. Governor occupies Pilate's house. He was off-handed, could or would give no concessions. Offered cigarettes and coffee. Was with him twenty minutes. Finally decided to cable the Sultan for advice.

In between his work Lawley contrived to visit Calvary and Bethlehem. Thus his diary:

"Up and away soon after 6.00 a.m. The foot of Calvary. Ventured to climb its summit. Feeling indescribable. Halloed hill. It was here that my pardon was bought; my Salvation was sealed; the gates of the Skies were opened, and my debt to the uttermost was paid. I stood and sang:

The Son of God was left alone to die,

The Army Founder's Faithful Armor-Bearer* Gives a Stirring Account of a Visit to Bible Lands



'Twas all for me.
The thunder rolled and darkened
The sky,

'Twas all for me.
The rocks were rent, the veil
asunder riven,
When Jesus died He op'ed the
Gates of Heaven.

"I also sang:
I'll follow Thee of life the Giver,
I'll follow Thee suffering Redeem-
er,
I'll follow Thee deny Thee never:
By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

At the sight of Bethlehem he was much moved, and, as at Calvary, it was his joy to sing his praises to God in a song of his own composition:

The King of kings was in a stable
born,

'Twas all for me.
He left His Heaven to face a
world of scorn,

'Twas all for me.
They had no place to lay His
infant head;

A manger bare was Jesus' cradle
bed.

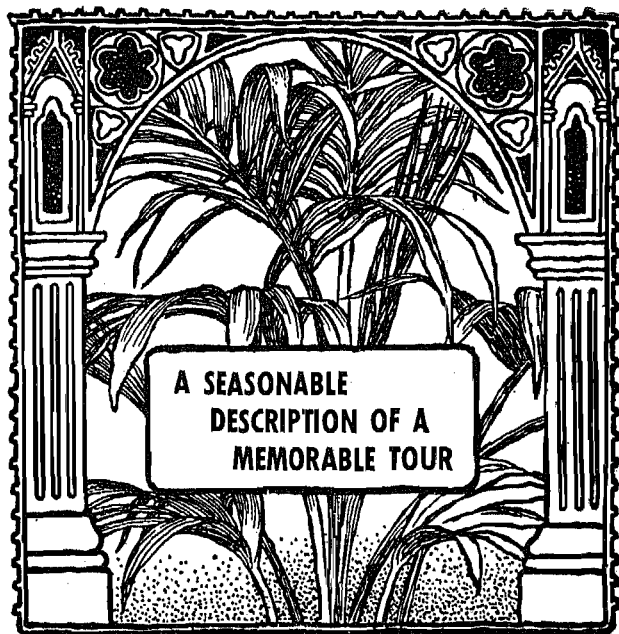
Lawley left Jerusalem purposing to meet the General at Port Said, but the weather becoming stormy no boat would put out from Jaffa. The gale increased in fury, and, unless it abated, it was clear that no boat could land. Lawley was asked to conduct meetings amongst Christians while he waited. This he did, but his diary reveals much stress of spirit:

Next day:

"Had restless night; the weather troubled me. God is good; the wind changed; sea much calmer. General arrived in good time; fair health; transhipping in open boat was a little trying, much tossing."

The following description of the Founder's visit to the Holy Land taken from one of the Army's young people's periodicals of that day:

"The morning the General arrived at Jaffa, the sea was rather angry; and as



there is no proper landing convenience we were just a little anxious.

"The General however, felt his way carefully down the gangway; two big burly natives passed him into the arms of two others, and in this way our Leader reached the small surf boat in safety. Eighteen or twenty native boatmen were soon plying their oars and to a native air they pulled the General towards the shores of the Holy Land.

"Perfect silence reigned as the General bared his head and prayed that his visit to Palestine might result in world-wide blessing.

"The journey to Jerusalem was very interesting. The Plain of Sharon was covered with green pasture, lovely flowers, olive trees, and Eastern shepherds with their sheep. I never understood as I do now the meaning of the words of Jesus when He said, "My sheep hear My voice, and follow Me."

"This was made clear before our eyes for the sheep were literally following the shepherd, and at his call they answered to their names; the little lambs, the shepherd carried in his arms.

"When the General reached the hill of Judea—where the Israelites assembled to fight the Philistines—his eyes danced with interest. The brook from which David chose the stones was pointed out to us, and, in imagination, we saw it all God's handful; Hell's multitude; God's little champion, Hell's mighty giant! The challenge; David steps out and accepts it; watched him sling the stone; hit Goliath; level him to the ground; run away with his head; while the armies of Israel shouted their praises to God. David's God is our God, and although the Goliaths of sin may be mighty, and threaten us with destruction yet Jesus lives to bring us through."

In 1905 there was neither gas nor electric light in the streets of Jerusalem; and only here and there a dim oil lamp; moreover, pariah dogs prowled about the streets in such numbers that it was not safe to go out at night unarmed.

(Continued on page 30)



THE CHILDREN'S



PAGE

Christmas



The Bells of St. Mary's

And How They Saved a Life

THE Bells of Twyford Church in Hampshire, which rang out on the radio last Christmas Morning, were the means of saving the life of a man and his horse over two hundred years ago.

William Davies then lived in Twyford House, the garden of which lies close to the church. He rode into Winchester on a foggy day in October, and on his return he lost his way on the high downlands which surround Twyford. Bewildered by the fog, he reined-in his horse. He could not think which way to go. Then, to his relief, he heard the bells of St. Mary's pealing out, and knew that he must turn his horse in their direction.

On The Edge Of a Pit

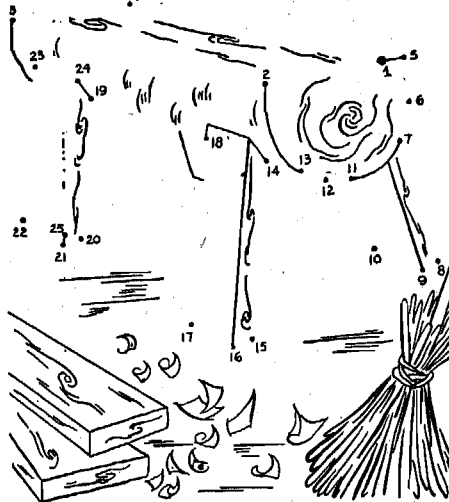
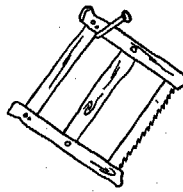
As the fog lifted he saw that he and his horse had been standing on the cliff-like edge of a steep chalk pit beside the high road.

As a thank offering he left in his will a sum of money to the Twyford Ringers, "twenty shillings to be paid them every year for evermore on the 7th day of October provided they ring on the morning and evening of that day." So every year the bells ring out, and in the evening the ringers are given a supper.

COMPLETE THIS PICTURE

By Following the Numbers

The Boy Jesus helped Joseph in the carpenter shop.



And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2:52

PUZZLES FOR WYZEDS

WHO ATE THEM?

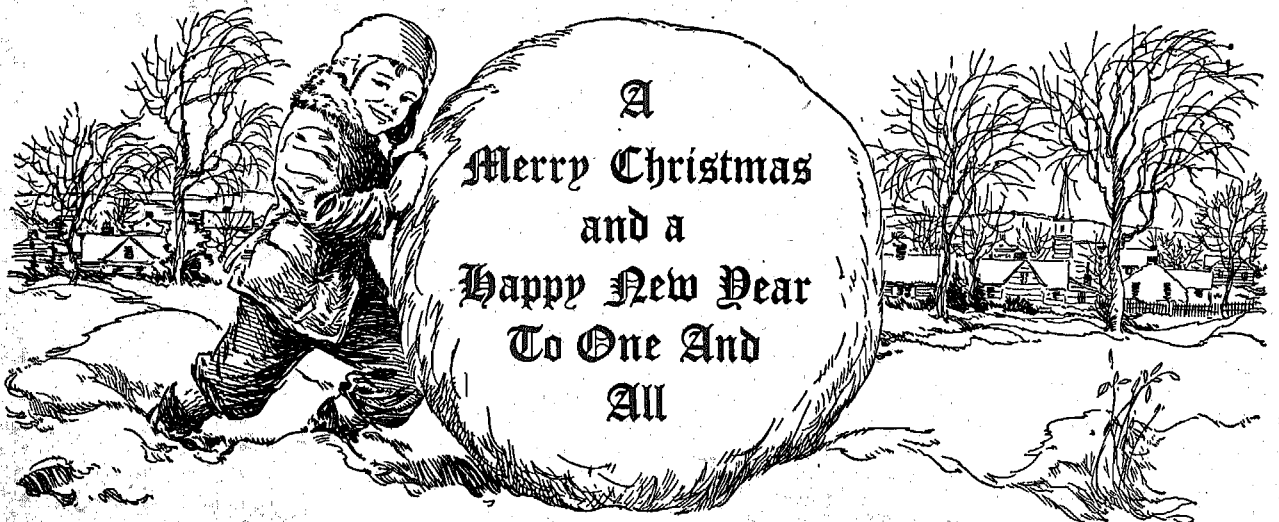
1. Who ate a mess of pottage?
2. Who ate an apple?
3. Who ate loaves and fishes?
4. Who ate veal stew?
5. Who ate locust and wild honey?
6. Who ate quail?
7. Who ate manna?

- ANSWERS:
1. Esau.
 2. Adam.
 3. The multitude.
 4. Prepared by Sarah for Abraham.
 5. Eaten by John the Baptist in the wilderness.
 6. The Children of Israel.
 7. The Children of Israel.

The answers to the following clues are the last words of the eight lines of a well-known nursery rhyme. Can you discover the rhyme?

1. A silver coin.
2. A kind of grain.
3. Song-birds.
4. A covered tart.
5. Unclosed
6. To make melody.
7. A kind of plate for holding food.
8. A monarch.

ANSWER:
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of pence,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?



"There Are Lonely Hearts To Cherish....



While The Days Are Going By"



TO me nothing is more pathetic than to see anyone lonely on Christmas Day, a day on which everyone can and should be happy. I had found, as a Men's Social Service officer, that Christmas Day was usually a lonely time for many of the guests of our Institutions because they were away from home and loved ones; no one to remember them and say, "Merry Christmas." It is a sad state for anyone to be in and especially on the birthday of Him who was born to bring peace and good will to all men.

Loneliness comes to most of us, and in this connection I recall a story my mother (Mother Habkirk) told me when she was seventy. She awoke one Christmas morning and felt very lonely because she was alone. Three of her five children were Salvation Army officers and were many miles away. She was proud that they were working for God, but this Christmas morning she missed them much; and as Satan is always on the alert to discourage God's people he taunted mother, saying, "That is what you get by serving God. Your children leave you all alone when you are old, and mark my word it will get worse as you grow older."

My mother was too wise to listen to Satan's argument and once more, definitely said, "Get thee behind me, I am going to visit some friends who I know will be glad to see me."

Visited a Sick Family

So she put on her coat and bonnet, for she always wore her uniform, and started off. She knocked three times at the door. It was unlocked and she went in. To her surprise

A Reminiscence

By

BRIGADIER H. HABKIRK (R.)
WINNIPEG

she found the family, parents and three children sick in bed.

It wasn't long before mother gave them something to eat, attended to the fire, and cleaned up the house. She so forgot her loneliness that she stayed all day and did what she could to make the unfortunate family comfortable and happy. They were most grateful.

When mother arrived home late at night, someone asked her what kind of a Christmas she had, and she replied, "I never had a better Christmas in my life." It was because she forgot herself in serving others who were in greater need than herself.

Serving others in Christ's name and for His glory brings its own reward, and scatters loneliness and its various allies to the winds. "There are lonely hearts to cherish" every day and if we keep our hearts in tune with God, we may bring the very spirit of Christmas into the lives of the sad, sick and weary, and forlorn.

Remember the shut-ins at Christmas, and also at all other seasons of the year.

LOVE—THE LAW OF LIFE

CHRISTMAS has one universal meaning which all the world recognizes; in the words of Christina Rossetti:

*Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas.
Star and angels gave the sign.*

From the first Christmas Day onwards that good news has warmed the hearts of men and women and children everywhere. Although nearly two thousand years old, it is still the loveliest story of all time, and the most profound one. It means that God rules the world in love, and that He sent His Son Jesus

Christ to Earth as a little Child to make that truth plain and understandable to all mankind.

Every Christmas brings that message of love and spreads a spirit of good will among us. It is that spirit which makes it a season of gifts; in that spirit the Christmas tree is lit, and the melody of the carols goes round the world. Everybody shares with everybody else; no one is forgotten.

This is the time when the whole world is reminded that love is the law of life. Upon that truth depends all our happiness, all our good wishes, and all our hope of better times to come.

OUR HOPE OF HEAVEN

Words and Music by
Major Marion Neill

Legato m d-64



Noel! we sing to Christ our King, Who did for us Salvation bring; Emmanu



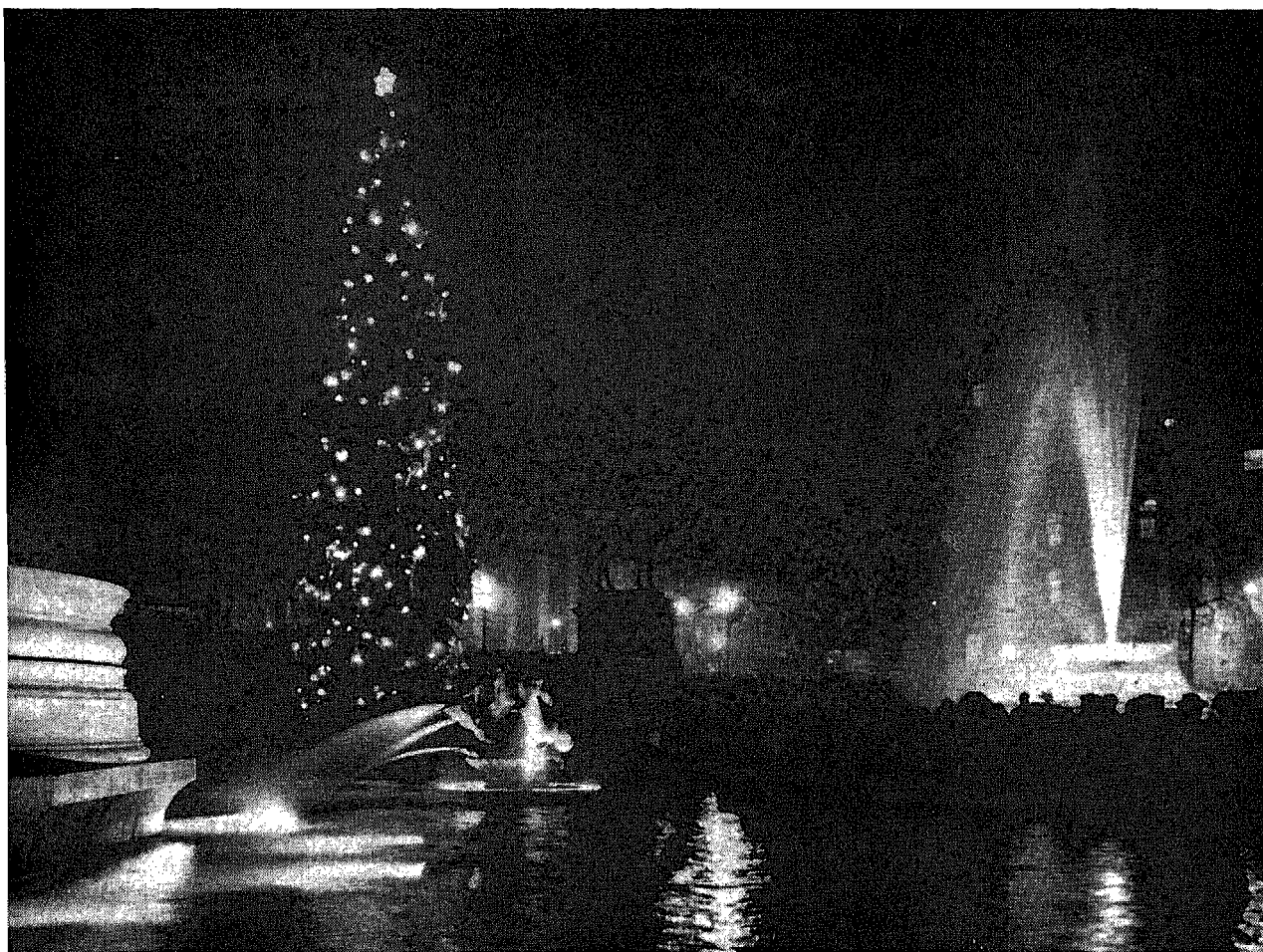
el - God's Son is giv'n, Our Peace, our Joy, our Hope of Heav'n



A

Christmas
Refrain





FAMOUS MEETING-PLACE: Trafalgar Square in Old London is shown with gay Christmas decorations, including a mammoth spruce tree, a good-will gift from one of the Scandinavian countries.

THE RECURRING WONDER OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 3)

Word became flesh." These form the background against which artists, musicians, writers, inspired students and thinkers have heaped up their treasure of adoration and worship. They have left them for us.

In conclusion, remember that our Christmas in 1950 is infinitely more precious than the first Christmas. That was a promise. To Joseph was given the command, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He SHALL

save His people from their sins." But to many of us in this year of grace, Christmas is not a promise alone, but a promise fulfilled. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 1:5) How very sad it is if Christmas means nothing more than the anniversary of an historical event. Is that what it is to you?

IN HIS MASTER'S STEPS

(Continued from page 27)

Naturally some fears were entertained as to the attendance at the General's meetings. These were held in the Tabernacle of the American Christian Alliance. The minister, an Army convert, having found the Lord as a boy at the Army drum-head at Owen Sound, Canada.

The first night the Tabernacle was full, and the second and the third nights people could not get in; twenty souls sought the Lord! It greatly touched the General to see two young Jewish men crying to God for salvation.

First In Twenty Years

"HELLO, Salvation Army, please come in!" The woman who spoke beckoned the Salvationist to the door of her little home. "I wish to give you something." She took up a ripe pumpkin which, to the astonishment, had written upon it, "God bless the General." "I wrote that on it," she continued, "when the pumpkin was very small, and the writing has grown with the pumpkin."

"Five years ago my husband was a terrible drunkard. Often he made

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 6)

to Quarters, fed him, and then given him a "talking to" that had just made him clench his hands in anger, then hang his head in shame, and, finally, fling himself down on his knees to claim forgiveness, cleansing, and God's grace which alone could save and keep! An ex-drunkard who worked in another department of the same factory, had taken him in tow, after work hours, and he had two fat pay-envelopes in his pocket, a month's rent was paid on a house miraculously located by the Major, and they would move, early in the New Year! First, though, there would be a tree, and decorations, and presents, and altogether such a Christmas as the children could not recall, and would never forget. And—praise be to God—there WAS!

me black and blue, and so bruised I was hardly able to move. But one day he came home from market quite changed, and gave me a kiss! It was the first I had had for twenty years, and it was through The Salvation Army. I have thrived almost out of recognition since then!"

Well-Loved Carols

Are Heard On Sea and Shore

Awake In a Manger

AWAY in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet Head,
The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus;

Come and behold Him, born the King of
angels:

REFRAIN

Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest:

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this
happy morning;
Jesus to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father now in flesh appear-
ing:

Let Every Heart Prepare

JOY to the world! The Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.



It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

IT came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heav'n's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By Prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall
own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

As With Gladness Men of Old

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
Saviour to Thy lowly bed
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-Seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

ASK. (Read Matthew 7:7)
SEEK.
KNOCK.
RECEIVE

Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side
Until morning is nigh.

Come To Bethlehem

Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant,
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem;

The Founder's Courage

ONE day Bramwell Booth went to
his aged father, the old General,
and told him that the doctors could
do no more for his eyes.

"Do you mean that I am blind
and must remain blind?" asked the
Founder, as though he could not be-
lieve it.

"I fear it is so," said Bramwell.
"Shall I never see your face
again?" asked the General.

"No, probably not in this world,"
answered Bramwell.

The General moved out his hand
until he felt and clasped the hand of
his son. He said, "God must know
best. Bramwell, I have done what I
could for God and the people with
my eyes. Now I shall do what I can
for God and the people *without my*
eyes."





Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace, good
will toward men.—(Luke 2,14)